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BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1912

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THE GAZETTE WISHES ALL A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

COUNTY INSTITUTE

Full and Complete Report of the
Concluding Sessions

REPORT OF COMMITTEES

Resolution and Memorial—Superintendent Barkman Presented with
Handsome Gold Watch.

(Continued from Last Week.)

Wednesday Afternoon

The afternoon session opened with
orchestral selections and several
vocal selections. Dr. Omwake dis-
cussed his selected topic—in the
Golden Days of Greece.

The leading figure in Greek history was regarded to be Aristotle of the 4th century B. C. The turning point in Greek history was named as 450 B. C. The great word in Greek life, expression and literature was "logos," or "logic," meaning "proportion." Nothing was so conspicuous in their living literature, architecture and statuary as the sense of reason. No state in all the world held a civic state so balanced. Their sculpturing and status breath, as it were, the same poise of dignity, balance and culture possessed by the human being alive. The Wrestlers, the Discus Throwers, as examples, illustrate their keen sense of beautiful form in man and woman. Every muscle of prominence is carved in the cold stone with life-like effect. Porticos, steeples, domes and towers of the modern mansions and halls of knowledge, are imitative of the almost imitative structures of the Greek artist. As yet, however, our architects have not yet developed the sensitive taste, but are approaching the ideal.

There is a noticeable lack of the aesthetic sense among us Americans. Seldom do we see a harmonious grouping or statuary decorating the home, the public building or the places of industry. A story was told of a grand exposure, if there be such, of ignorance on the part of the builder, claim agent and officials of a certain railroad company when a certain piece of statuary was delivered to the pedestal upon which it was to rest as a decoration. Upon unpacking the statue, it was found, as the purchaser and those named above supposed, to have lost an arm by the recklessness of transportation. The damages were paid by a company lacking a sense or knowledge of art. The statue was that of Venus. All those who had a strain of the Greek beautiful within them would have seen the limbless image of this beautiful piece of art so intended. Could it be possible Dr. Omwake would at some future time relate before another distant institute, the fact that he had told this story to several audiences, two of which did not appreciate it? Get acquainted with the art museums may have been a command the lecturer inferred in his last remark. A visit to the Metropolitan or Corcoran Museums of Art, or those of Boston and The Golden Gate will reveal indelible impressions that lead us to be deeply moved by the reverential air inherent in the Greek sense of aestheticism.

Coordinate with this address on The Beautiful, a splendid piano solo was given by a little artist but 13 years of age. The pianist was Miss Nellie Croyle of Pavla, this county, an artist of but three years' practice. She played from the classics with an effect. It can not be too strong or too laudable to say "She smote the rock of the musical keyboard and abundant strains of music gushed forth." Her audience will support this remark, and upon second thought, be reminded once more of the efficient instructor, S. H. Koontz, our home musician. He, as well as the pianist, deserves mention.

Dr. Mackenzie—Casting a Spell. He spoke of spelling as meaning Casting a Spell. He referred to the use of the word Waverley misused 25 times in the U. S., and spelled correctly but once, and this correct use is found in Massachusetts, imitative of the spelling in Scott's novel by that name.

The native of Lexington, Ky., pointed out a number of common simple errors and remedies in the teaching of spelling.

Recess Music—Bonnie Charlie, Roll Call. All present but three. The School and the Community—Mr. Harbold. The afternoon was so far spent that, in the opinion of the instructor, it was time for a close. He closed with a few brief remarks of a genial character.

Wednesday Evening

Dr. John Merritt Driver suggested an idea of the true heavyweight, immediately after mounting the platform. His body did not lead to wrong conception in the "bigness" of the man. As a scholar, but a few minutes of his lecture were sufficient to compel the audience to give attention. His unexcelled oratory was noticeable from the start. Opinions regarding the lecture flowed freely through the hall. Some regarded it as simply magnificent, one of the most masterly, scholarly things ever heard. Others exclaimed, "Superlatively fine!" The fine tone color of his oratory, the masterly range of his voice all united to portray his sensible views of the Jew, Gentile

George Swartz
George Swartz, a well-known citizen of South Bedford Township, died suddenly at his home on the Poorhouse road Saturday afternoon, death being due to epilepsy, from which the deceased had been a sufferer for the past several years. He was born December 25, 1866, therefore being aged 45 years, 11 months and 26 days.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Myra Boor, and a daughter of the late W. A. Boor, one son and one brother, David Swartz, of Altoona.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. W. Illingworth of the Presbyterian Church and Rev. J. A. Elyer of the Reformed Church, at his late home Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. The deceased was a member of Bedford Lodge, No. 436, K. of P., which organization attended the funeral in a body and conducted the services at the grave.

Mrs. Anna M. Koontz
Mrs. Anna Margaret Koontz died at her home near Cessna on Friday, December 20, of paralysis, aged 70 years, 10 months and 24 days. She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Wisegarver and was born near Cessna January 26, 1842. In February 1866, she was married to George Z. Koontz who survives with one daughter, Mrs. Harry Heltzel of Cessna; also two sisters, Mrs. Joseph Heming of Imbertown and Mrs. Mildred Morehead of Belden.

The funeral services were conducted in St. Paul's Reformed Church Sunday morning, December 22, by Rev. E. A. G. Hermann; interment in adjoining cemetery.

Mrs. Koontz had been an invalid for over two years. She bore her sufferings in a spirit of patience and Christian fortitude. At the age of 16 she united with the Reformed Church of which she remained a faithful and consistent member all her life.

Dr. A. H. King
Dr. Albert H. King, a well-known physician of this county, died suddenly last Friday night at his home in Riddleburg of pneumonia, after an illness of but a few days.

He was born in Allensville, Mifflin County, October 2, 1866, being at the time of his death aged 46 years, two months and 19 days. His wife, who was Miss Gertrude Stoler, daughter of D. M. Stoler of Saxton, survives.

The funeral services were conducted in Riddleburg on Monday, December 23, by Rev. Arthur C. Ohl. Interment was made in Fockler's Cemetery, Saxton.

Mr. King attended the public schools in his home county until 16 years of age, when he engaged in teaching for six years. He studied medicine and was graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1894, and has practiced his profession ever since. He was a member of the House of Representatives from 1904 to 1906 and was elected Coroner of Bedford County in 1902.

Mrs. Nancy Shuss
Mrs. Nancy Shuss, formerly of this county, died Tuesday morning, December 24, at her home in Garfield, Kas. She was born near Woodbury and was 60 years of age. She is survived by her husband, John Shuss, and four brothers, one of whom is C. Z. Repligole of Woodbury.

Court Notes
Associate Judges William Brice, Sr., and J. W. Huff held court on Thursday and disposed of the following business:

Estate of David H. Miller of Mann's Choice, a lunatic, bond of Simon D. Miller, committee, in the sum of \$1,000 filed and approved. In estate of Annie Leydig, a lunatic, on motion the filing of an account by Harvey May, committee, waived.

In re estate of Andrew J. Foor, late of West Providence, the filing of an account by Joseph Wilson, committee, waived.

Archer-Galbreath
The wedding of Miss Mary Bowles Galbreath, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wiley Galbreath, of Baltimore, to Archibald W. Archer of New York took place at noon on Wednesday of last week in Baltimore. The bride is a niece of Mrs. Alice McClintock and Mrs. D. W. Prosser, of this place, and Mrs. B. F. Ashcom of Everett, who attended the wedding.

(Continued on Second Page.)

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Was Celebrated in the Various
Churches of Bedford

EXCELLENT PROGRAMS

Rendered in Pleasing Manner by
Old and Young—Large Audi-
ences in Attendance.

Christmas was celebrated by the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, when a beautiful service, entitled, "A White Gift," was rendered by the members. A large chorus, composed of young men and women, boys and girls, all wearing white gowns, was an inspiring feature of this service. Following is the program:

Part I

1 Beginners and Primary Exercises—Chorus, Recitation, Elizabeth Madore; Duet, Josephine and Elmo Corle; Recitation, Sarah Piper.

2 Processional.

3 Lord's Prayer Chanted.

4 Chorus—"Hail the King."

5 Reading—"The Prophecy," Miss May Hartley.

6 Duet—"While Shepherds Watched," Mrs. William Davidson, Miss Besse Corle.

7 Chorus—"Silent Night."

8 Chorus—"O Little Town of Bethlehem."

9 Reading—"The Fields of Judea."

10 Chorus—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

11 Reading—"The Wise Men."

During this reading a large star composed of fifteen electric lights, was illuminated.

12 "White Gifts to the King," an exercise consisting of a reading by Miss Lillian Mock, and the offering of the Sunday School being deposited at the altar by three boys.

Part II—Crucifixion

1 Solo and Chorus—"Palms," Dr. C. R. Grissinger.

2 Reading—"Judgment Hall to Calvary."

3. Male Chorus. While a number of young men, located in the gallery in the rear of the congregation sang a hymn, a large white cross was stood upon the platform, and six little girls rendered a beautiful exercise.

4 Congregational—"Where He Leads Me I Will Follow."

5 Solo—"Calvary," D. S. Horn.

6 Reading, "Resurrection."

7 Solo and Chorus—"The Holy City," Miss Emma Shuck.

8 Reading—"The New Kingdom."

9 Remarks by Pastor and congregational offering.

10 Recessional—March.

11 Congregational—"Joy to the World."

12 Benediction.

Trinity Lutheran

The members of the Lutheran Sunday School held their Christmas services in the church Wednesday evening. The auditorium was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the following program was well rendered:

Processional.

Anthem by Choir.

Responsive Reading.

Gloria Patri.

Invocation by Pastor.

Address of Welcome, Evelyn Cessna.

Greeting, Richard Schnably.

Welcome to Christmas, Robert Prosser, William Snell, Fred Billman, Men's Chorus.

Recitation, Fred Defibaugh.

Recitation, Evelyn Cessna.

Exercise, "Christmas," nine boys.

Recitation, Jessie Raley.

Recitation, "Bells Across the Snow," Sara Long.

Exercise by three boys.

Solo, Fred Sammel.

Exercise, "Little Candles," six girls.

Recitation, Almina Cessna.

Recitation, "O! Happy Bells," Raymond Moore.

Song, Anna Elizabeth Cessna.

Recitation, Edwin Billman.

Recitation, "Star of Bethlehem," Geraldine Minemier.

Duet, Mrs. S. H. Gump and Miss Maude Cessna.

Exercise, "How Does the Earth Know 'Tis Christmastide," six girls.

Recitation, "A Christmas Dream," Ray Beckley.

Women's Chorus.

Recitation, May Leonard.

(Continued on Eighth Page)

Miss Elizabeth Van Ormer

Announcement of the death of Miss Elizabeth Bunn Van Ormer, which occurred last Friday evening, December 20, was a great shock not only to Bedford friends but to the entire community of Schellsburg, her home.

On Sunday Miss Van Ormer came to Bedford to attend institute and was the guest of her brother, S. A. Van Ormer, at the Corle House, where she became ill Monday night. On Wednesday she was taken to her home but grew rapidly worse; medical aid was of no avail and at 8:45 o'clock Friday evening, after intense suffering, her spirit passed quietly into that "house not made with hands."

She was the fourth child and only daughter of Dr. William W. and Salome (Bunn) Van Ormer and was born in Schellsburg on November 23, 1880. After attending the home schools she went to Maryland College for Women at Lutherville, Md., where she was a student for two years. The remaining portion of her life was spent with her aged parents in their home, which is bereft of its greatest blessing—their all in all,—and which held all that was dearest to her in life.

Her sweet voice and kindly manner won for her many friends and to those who reached the inner circle of her friendship she was staunch and true. Devoted to her family, friends and church, she will be greatly missed, but memories of a life nobly spent will ever remain with those to whom she was endeared. Who shall explain the ways of God?

Surviving are her parents and the following brothers: Rev. A. B. Van Ormer of Shippensburg, Dr. W. L. of Schellsburg, Charles L. of Cumberland and S. A. of Bedford.

The funeral services were held at the late home at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Rev. H. W. Bender officiating, assisted by Rev. Schoch. Interment was made in the Schellsburg Cemetery.

"She has passed beyond sight, at the touching of death,

But lives, like ourselves, in God's infinite care."

Benjamin Troutman

Benjamin Troutman died at his home at Belden, Bedford Township, on Thursday, December 19, aged 76 years, seven months and 18 days. He was a son of George and Catherine (Brubaker) Troutman, and was born on Dry Ridge May 1, 1836. On December 12, 1861, he was married to Miss Anna Smith, and since then they have resided in Bedford Township, where last year, they celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

Besides his aged wife, two sons and one daughter survive: George J. Troutman of Kahoka, Mo., and Shannon U. Troutman and Mrs. Albert E. Smith, of Bedford Township. Two brothers, Charles of Thomas, W. Va., and Shannon Troutman of Patterson Creek, W. Va., seventeen grandchildren and six great-grandchildren also survive.

The funeral services were conducted in Messiah Lutheran Church Sunday morning, December 22, by Revs. D. T. Detwiler and Levi Holsinger; interment in Messiah Cemetery.

Mr. Troutman lived in Bedford County all his life. He engaged in farming until about two years ago, when he retired and moved to Belden. By his death the people of his community lost a kind friend and obliging neighbor, and his family a loving husband and father.

Samuel L. Snyder

Samuel L. Snyder died at his home in Bloomfield Township Monday morning, December 23. Had he lived until January 6, 1913, he would have been 68 years of age. He was born, reared and always lived in the same house, and was well known all over Morrison's Cove as a good citizen, kind neighbor and affectionate husband and father. He was a member of the Holsinger Brethren Church, where the funeral services were conducted yesterday morning.

Mr. Snyder is survived by his wife and the following children: Dr. Clarence Snyder of Sylvania, O., Roswell of Mann's Choice, Mrs. Herma Steele of Saxton, Mrs. Clara Mowry of Baker's Summit and Miles, Stanley and Myrtle, at home. He was one of a family of eleven, four of whom died during the past year, and the two surviving members are: Charles Snyder of New Paris and Mrs. David Fetter of Bedford Township.

Messrs. Thomas Arnold and Raymond Sammel, students at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, are spending their holiday vacation at their homes here.

(Continued on Fourth Page)

PERSONAL NOTES

COUNTY INSTITUTE

(Continued from First Page.)

and Negro, while the historical sketches of foreign lands he had visited blended in to create a mosaic none less than a masterpiece. Even though he held his audience for two hours, many would have enjoyed another hour on the phase he merely touched—The Balkan-Turkish War.

Thursday Forenoon

The exercises opened Thursday morning with a devotional hymn. Scriptural reading from the 5th chapter of Matthew, and prayer was offered by Rev. H. E. Wieand, Lutheran Church, Bedford. Yes, I Hear the Angels Calling was sung in conclusion of devotion.

The Glory of the Public Schools—Mr. Harbold. Teachers may rightly glory in the public school because of the splendid field for research by the magazines. With the political wave gone by, attention pro and con is directed to the educational systems. Some of this criticism is valuable and just. Some is wholly worthless, especially when coming from the pen of those who have never been within a school room.

Another glory lies in the material wealth of our schools. The Keystone State pays \$20,000,000 to its teachers annually; it expends \$42,000,000 for buildings, grounds and appliances; it owns \$103,000,000 worth of school property devoted to the education of the boys and girls; 36,000 teachers now serve as the "Grand Army" of our state enlisted as privates in the instruction of one million children, all of whom have equal privileges in the educational struggle.

Pennsylvania has a great percentage of the educational wealth of the nation. Compare with the glories of the national educational wealth; \$371,000,000 represents the total expenditure of the U. S. One billion dollars represents its property value; 495,000 teachers is the National Army, and 17,000,000 children are the followers. With this armed force, there need be little fear of the future condition of the country, provided, however, this army is properly skilled in the educational tactics; is properly taught.

This multitude of teachers have a wide field for progress and expansion. There are new systems to be discovered. New methods to be successfully practiced. Many teachers will recall the Batavian System still in use in New York. It is the individual method. Who may decide whether it is good or bad? Each teacher must do this for herself and find one good new thought for which the world will be glad.

Mr. Harbold gloried in the imperfections of our school system. Such seems like a paradox. However, the glory lies in the fact that imperfection is a security against wasting away, a prevention of decay.

A fourth glory lies in a reward to be received for service, in proportion as we have had and held up our high ideals. If the motive has been to rise, the reward should be great.

Music—The Popcorn Man.

Mr. Mackenzie—Models in Composition. His opening remarks should have stimulated all hearers to learn just what is the capital required to write a book, merely write it. Knowledge of the energy expended to produce a work might be surprisingly different from our expectations, and thus culture our appreciation.

Recess.

Music—The Old Stone House. The Educator's Philosophy—Dr. Omwake.

The five subjects of classified knowledge, constituting the educator's sciences, discussed on Tuesday, were used as introductory to the new subject.

Sciences at our hands are now only being studied a bit. Our lack of scientific knowledge, our lack of scientific practice is due to the utmost degeneracy that existed in the middle ages. That degeneracy has been handed down and still partially surrounds us. In those Dark Ages, the theory was maintained that the soul would prosper the more in direct proportion to the extent to which the body should suffer.

This theory led to gross negligence of the rules of cleanliness and cultured manners. Bathing was put upon a ban. Especially no girl was allowed to take the bath under penalty. In those dark ages many of the habits of degeneracy were cultivated among the young as well as the old, and it is with these we must still battle today. Examples of the low life of the middle ages were narrated, among which was the history of buttons as a decoration or trimming for men's coat sleeves. The boy of the dark ages used no handkerchief other than his coat sleeve, and, as ideals advanced, boys were prevented in this obscene practice by the tailor sewing long rows of buttons from elbow to end of sleeve, to offer a menace to his offensive habit. The buttons are in use today, but set lower and fewer of them.

When Erasmus wrote in the 6th century regarding school affairs, he recommended sneezing as valuable from a cleanly point of view. Many other similar thoughts help us to see how very low must have been their spiritual as well as intellectual ideals.

Every teacher should have some conception of the human life and its necessities, or is unfit for the duty. The child in its infancy is guided by instinct alone, and motor impulses. These same instincts are shared by the animals. There is thus a similarity in the human being and the animal. The stream of life is going upward from a maximum of instinct and a minimum of reason, to a maximum of reason and a minimum of instinct. The human being possesses reason which the lower animal does not.

Dr. Omwake offered another definition of education based upon the foregoing principles—Education is the highest possible spiritual personality in the best possible physical organism.

Thursday Afternoon

Thursday afternoon, from time remote, has been the great climax in all county institutes. Especially is

NO MORE DANDRUFF FALLING HAIR GRAY HAIR

Men and women—do you want a splendid head of luxuriant hair free from scalp itch and dandruff?

Do you want hair so bewitchingly radiant, that it compels the admiration of all who see it?

Do you want a scalp as immaculately clean and bright as a newly minted coin?

If you do, get a 50 cent bottle of PARISIAN Sage today, at dealers everywhere. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every carton and bottle—Ask for PARISIAN Sage and see that you get it. F. W. Jordan, Jr., guarantees it. Adv.

this true regarding numbers in attendance, and this afternoon was no exception to the rule. Seats, aisles and side rooms were filled. Even the platform supported a number of new aspirants to the superintendency or the lectureship. Doubtless, a hall twice the size would have been filled.

Mr. Smith requested the audience to sing a stanza of My Country 'Tis of Thee and then Let Your Light Shine. It must have been a great encouragement to the "cheer leader" to have so loyal a response and so hearty support of Mr. Koontz's orchestra.

After singing another selection, the Slumber Song, Mr. Harbold opened his discussion on the Moral Training in the Schools. Seldom do teachers fully appreciate what it means to have the little boy leave the father and mother to be under the care of possibly a stranger. The first stage or age of the boy is that of non-morality instead of morality. It is at this age that the boy reaches the school room where the destiny of that child is at stake.

In the school is the place for the setting of certain ideals, such as punctuality, promptness, obedience, industry, etc. The teacher who does not lay the foundation for these things, is giving the child a very poor, a dangerous start. The future depends upon these early school virtues. Upon their successful teaching depends the number of inmates in the county home, etc., or places where the state must take care of him.

In days but a generation ago the morality of the communities was not threatened as severely and constantly as today. An illustration was given by allowing his hearers to recall how at one time the country folk exchange veal or beef when the appropriate time was at hand. Each family tried to give his neighbor the choicest selection of the newly fattened animal. This is not the case today. The fattened animals are now sent to the city where they know not who will secure. Consequently, the farmer becomes careless, and cares less in what condition such animal be when sold or killed. This reveals a new condition to be met in the morality of today. The system of morality being different today, the treatment for generation of good morals must be of a different type.

The ordinary school studies present the best opportunity for the teaching of morality. Above all, to teach morality means to live up to those figures of morality. What can it mean to have a teacher tell a little one what not to do, and do the same thing in their presence or elsewhere, is wasting time, the time it takes to tell it. A teacher's actions speak so loudly that all can hear him.

Prof. Harbold closed his address with many helpful remarks. Could it be imagined that he himself was teaching a moral lesson? To those who attentively listened to his lectures and observed his actions carefully, touching, true, healthful atmosphere must have appeared enclosing him. The simplicity of speech; the unassuming character of every action; his kindness, elimination of the crude; portrayal of the good alone won many admirers of his true manhood. It is hoped Mr. Harbold may be present again and further stimulate Bedford County's teachers to higher ideals.

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of a superior training was noticeable. After the recess, Mr. Barney mounted the rostrum with a shadow of mystery about him. Very ably he presented to Superintendent V. E. P. Barkman a gold watch as the Christmas gift of the teachers who serve under him. The gift was most appropriate and it was received most appropriately by an address of thanks and assurance of good will to the teachers of the county.

Dr. Omwake—A Day at School in Ancient Rome. A description in the present tense was interestingly given, of the scenes on the forum and the daily program of the school room.

The time was that of Livy, Caesar and Cicero. It is to be regretted this address could not be given verbatim. The very picture of the school was placed before the teachers.

Thursday Evening

The entertainment given Thursday evening by the Mozart Concert Company was greatly enjoyed. The members showed much talent in their respective lines.

Friday Morning

Music—Jesus Savior Pilot Me. Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. J. Minear, Friend's Cove Lutheran Charge. The 4th chapter of Proverbs was used as a scripture lesson.

Music—You May If You Will.

The instructors, during their platform functions, repeatedly referred to Mr. Smith as the spirit of the institute, even attaching a nom de plume in token of good fellowship. Mr. Smith regards Music as the language of Emotion, and the agent of culture development. He is enthused in his work, saturated with it, and willing to impart it.

Mr. Garbrick made an announcement to the institute regarding the advantages of a summer session at State College.

Dr. Omwake began his lecture with a compliment in behalf of his new friend, Mr. Mackenzie, expressing his appreciation of association with a life so rich and a scholarship so diversified.

The Educator's Art. Teachers cannot get along without the artistic step. The one foot is art, the other science. They must move forward as we would have them step in walking.

As did Michael Angelo who, to be an artist, studied the materials to be used and even dissected the human body to gain a concept of the form and science of the work he desired to engage in. There is necessity for the study of the ideal. The professional library offers ready material for absorption, and too much of this cannot be studied. It must be assimilated, however, and enriched with original material, that the combination does well, works a change with those with whom we work.

Dr. Omwake regards the new step in medical examination of the pupils of the schools as a commendable step forward. Much has been said in texts concerning the Personality of the Teacher; but to those printed, a new formula was extended—add to your faith, knowledge, to knowledge patience, to patience temperance, to temperance brotherly kindness, and to kindness charity. Benjamin Franklin, who was a man of the world, followed this formula. A reference was made to the 1st Epistle of Peter.

The closing paragraph of Dr. Omwake's inspiring address was devoted to Qualifications. We should all be more anxious for fitness than for reward. To dwell upon the latter continually interferes with our success. Educating is a philanthropic process. It bears more philanthropy than the act of the liberal millionaire.

Teachers should not regard their pay in terms of wages, but in terms of salary. The former is a degrading idea. No teacher receives full payment for all benefits received by pupils is an impossibility. Value cannot be estimated.

Dr. Omwake gave very interesting and valuable suggestions. At times his thoughts worth repetition flowed so freely, it was up to the short-hand writer to catch them all, which may have overflowed the publisher's expectations. To have the teachers catch his spirit, would suggest a visit to Ursinus College, where, if they once tarried, doubtless they would remain.

The Resolutions and Memorial Committees were made by the chairmen respectively, Mr. William Bener and Mr. L. H. Hinkle. The reports were accepted by the institute.

Bedford, Pa., Dec. 20, 1912.

We, the Committee on Resolutions of the Bedford County Teachers' Association,

PILES DISAPPEAR

So Does Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Old Sores and Carbuncles.

Under the influence of San Cura Ointment surprising cures are made so quickly that they seem like miracles.

Stubborn cases of piles like those of Rev. W. F. Gilbert of Titusville, Pa., vanish before the marvelous anti-septic Ointment. Mr. Gilbert writes: "For twenty years I suffered with bleeding and itching piles; at times I was confined to the house for more than a month. Two years ago I began using San Cura Ointment and one 50c jar made a firm and permanent cure. I have not been troubled since."

San Cura Ointment is guaranteed by Ed. D. Heckerman, who is the agent in Bedford, to cure any of the above named diseases on money back. It instantly kills all pain from burns, cuts and bruises, draws out the poison and heals in a short time. 25 cents and 50 cents a jar at Ed. D. Heckerman's.

Good Baby Soap

San Cura is a healing and antiseptic soap; just the soothing kind that baby needs. It frees the pores from all impurities and prevents fevers, rashes and other infantile diseases. Best for anyone's skin, cures pimples and blackheads, cleans the complexion. 25 cents a large cake at Ed. D. Heckerman's.

Mail orders for San Cura Ointment and Soap filled by Thompson Medical Co., Titusville, Pa.

Advertisement.

DOLLAR PACKAGE FREE

KIDNEY MEDICINE FREE

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or two to begin to say goodbye forever to scalding, dribbling, straining or urine filling the bed? The backache; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes; yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids; or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and despondency. You can depend on, and if you want to make a QUICK RECOVERY, you ought to write and get a free dollar package of it. How to obtain my Kidney and Bladder medicines free: Just drop me a line like this: Dr. E. A. Hershberger, 1110 Lincoln Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by mail, postage paid and free. As you will see when you get it, this remedy contains only pure, harmless, medicines, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power. It will quickly show its power once you use it. If you have any trouble, see what it is without delay; I will send you a dollar package free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

If you think this matter over you will see that I could not afford to make this liberal offer unless I believed my medicines would cure Kidney and Bladder troubles.

Advertisement.

Association, submit the following Resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we tender the thanks of the Association to the Board of Education and the people of Bedford for their interest, cooperation and assistance in our Annual Institute.

2. Resolved, That we tender the thanks of the Association to our County Superintendent and the instructors whom he has secured for the excellent course of instruction and the music which has been provided.

3. Resolved, That the director of vocal music be given an opportunity during each day of the Institute to give the teachers such instruction in music as may be useful to them in the teaching of music in the schools, such opportunity to be arranged by the superintendent.

4. Resolved, That the Superintendent's Annual Report be printed at the expense of the Association each year hereafter, or until such expense shall be assumed by the state or county.

5. Resolved, That if we truly want a teaching profession, we must establish the same on the basis of merit and to this end we further submit the following resolution:

(a) That any person holding a provisional certificate shall receive a minimum salary of \$40 a month for the first year's teaching, \$45 a month for the second year's, and \$50 a month for each succeeding year taught while holding such certificate, the holder of such showing progress in skill in teaching and scholastic attainments each year.

(b) That any person holding a professional certificate shall receive a minimum salary of \$50 a month for the first term, \$55 a month for the second term and \$60 a month for each succeeding term taught under such certificate, the holder showing the proper spirit and progress in the art of teaching.

The lady and four gentlemen who provided the music, were gratefully remembered by the speaker. These people were regularly at their posts giving the institute their best service, and while it may be that the attention of the majority of teachers were not always attentive or appreciative, yet how much that orchestra would have been missed had it not been there for any session. The institute was bathed in rich surroundings, so much so that only after returning home, can the teachers realize what then they do not have. The orchestral music in the evening just before the opening hour was especially deserving of praise.

Mr. Smith was also kindly remembered by this last speaker. It may matter little to the world what was said by Mr. Mackenzie of his comrades, but of whom he spoke, to those a word of cheer is everlasting. This man whom Mr. Omwake baptized anew, became a charming, delightful, magnetic friend whom even the Scotchman "could not keep down."

To the clergymen, engaged in the noblest of all professions, a few words of gratitude were expressed, and the institute came to a close.

A motion of adjournment was carried and the audience gradually segregated.

a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved families, also that they be published in our county papers.

L. H. Hinkle, Chairman; J. C. Burkett, John L. Nicodemus, H. H. Deane, E. A. Hershberger, John A. Morse, W. Scott McGee, Samuel McCabe, Ralph B. Beard, O. G. Snyder.

Two auditors were elected to represent the teachers—Messrs. E. A. Hershberger and Melvin Shaffer.

Mr. Mackenzie mounted the rostrum as the last speaker of the institute. Extemporaneously, he gave very valuable, practical advice to teachers especially, and others. To restrain others, teachers must

THE CRUISE OF THE DAWN

It Resulted Differently from What Might Have Been Expected.

By HAROLD WINSTON

I am the son of a fisherman and was brought up on salt water. I loved it, but was ambitious to break away from so simple a life and make something of myself, if not better, at least more prominent. I was twenty-one when, with \$100 in my pocket that I had saved, I went to New York for the purpose of finding a position.

Positions are not to be had in a moment in the metropolis, and the best I could do was to enter my name at the bottom of a list awaiting vacancies. My money was being used up, though I husbanded my resources, and became discouraged. Every morning I bought a newspaper and looked over the advertisements to see if a young man of my description was wanted. I finally saw one that met my case, but not for business. It was an advertisement for a skipper for a yacht.

I had seen enough of the crowds of a big city. The continual whirl sickened me. The display of wealth side by side with abject misery made me long again for the water, upon which there are no streets, no alleys, no dirt. True, the vehicles on the ocean differ in degree as those on the land. I had been used to nothing better than a fishing boat and was fascinated at the idea of sailing a yacht.

I answered the advertisement, but with no more hope of getting the position than I had of securing any of the clerkships for which I had applied.

But I had an advantage in knowing how to sail a boat, while I was entirely ignorant of business. A few days after I mailed my letter I received an invitation to call at a dwelling in the upper part of the city.

I was received by a woman about thirty-five years old. She repelled me from the moment I met her, looking at me critically, as if sizing me up for something besides my marine qualifications. She asked me to state them, however, and I did so. When I told her I had been born and brought up near Bath, Me., I noticed that she pricked up her ears, and when I added that I knew the coast thereabout from Portland to Mount Desert I saw that I had affected her favorably.

She told me that her uncle, with whom she lived and of whom she had the care, was a very old man and an invalid. He had been failing lately, and his physician had advised his getting out into the open. A yacht had been purchased with a view to taking him on a cruise along the New England coast. It was rather late in the season for yachting and she asked me how long it would be safe and comfortable to remain on the water. I replied that if the vessel was not too small and was capable of being heated it might remain in commission till the first of November. After an interview lasting nearly an hour, during which she surprised me by the large salary she would pay—\$250 a month—she dismissed me, saying that when she had decided among those who had applied she would let me know.

One morning when I had about given the matter up I received a note from the lady advising my of my appointment and directing me to get together a crew. I got busy at once, visited the yacht, saw that she needed six men and engaged them. Miss Hurlbert—the lady who engaged me—procured the servants.

We sailed on the day when tourists were returning from their outings the first of September—and I was directed to coast eastward. The only persons aboard were Miss Hurlbert, Mr. Townsend, the invalid, and the crew and servants. After rounding Nantucket I was directed to steer for Portland, where, on arrival, we put into the harbor and I was directed to go ashore for mail. I brought one letter addressed to Miss Hurlbert which she tore open at once, and its contents affected her perceptibly. She asked me to go down into the cabin with her where there was no one but ourselves—Mr. Townsend kept his stateroom—and when we were alone she said:

"Fire!" cried Miss Hurlbert to the men.

They looked at me for instructions and I told them to lower their rifles. The look our employer gave me was something frightful.

"There seem to be but a few persons aboard of her," I said "and we are seven men, well armed. Let us have a parley."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that Miss Hurlbert was no relation to Mr. Townsend, but a nurse who had got control of him and was trying to get him away where she could marry him. His only child, a daughter, was aware of her object and had been endeavoring to thwart her. Miss Hurlbert had been deceiving me as to her playing a legal game. She was simply trying to get her charge into a position where she could tie him up in wedlock. She dare not go ashore for the purpose, for the police in every port had been given orders by Miss Townsend to arrest her if she appeared. She dare not bring a minister aboard, for this would give her design away to me and her crew.

I proved that I and her crew were not aware of her real scheme, and we escaped prosecution. Miss Hurlbert was sent to prison for abduction. Miss Townsend was so happy at her success that she paid us what her enemy had promised us.

The contract was no sooner made than Miss Hurlbert gave us a roll of bills and directed me to go ashore and buy arms and ammunition. I bought a cutlass, a repeating rifle and a revolver for each of the crew, including myself, and was fortunate enough to pick up a couple of little two pounder barks, with ammunition for all. Miss Hurlbert was well pleased when she saw the barks.

When all was completed Miss Hurlbert directed me to weigh anchor and lose ourselves among the many islands that line the coast of Maine. Since there are several hundred of these in Casco Bay alone, embracing but a small fraction of the coast, it seemed to me a very good hiding place. I now saw the principal reason why I had been engaged. It had been Miss Hurlbert's intention from the first to disappear with the valuables among these islands so effectually that through her attorney, she might make such terms as she desired with the plaintiff in the suit. She had not counted on being followed, but when she found that she would be, being a woman of great determination, she had the nerve to prepare for defense. She flattered me and every member of the crew, treating us all as her equals and constantly sending to the forecastle delicacies from the cabin mess. As for me, she insisted that I should eat at her table, since she would otherwise be obliged to eat alone.

We spent the first two weeks sailing no farther east than Bath that Miss Hurlbert might occasionally run into Portland for letters, but at the end of that time she told me she had been advised that the plaintiff had left Boston, bound east, and she directed me to move on. I asked her if our pursuers had made preparations to fight, and she said she didn't know; she hoped that we should avoid them till the 5th of November had passed. But why she placed stress upon this date she did not tell me.

We heard of a yacht called the Spray, which we suspected to be the one looking for us. Ours was the Dawn. Nearly all yachts but the two had gone out of commission, for by this time it was the 28th of October. On that date we were concealed in a cove in Penobscot Bay under trees hanging from a cliff. Had we remained there we would have avoided a meeting with our antagonists. They had tracked us and had sailed past our hiding place when we were pulling out. As soon as we did so she turned about and came for us before the wind.

This was in the morning, and two hours after noon she had outsailed us and was within half a mile of us in open water. Miss Hurlbert came up to me and with as devilish a look as I ever saw on any woman's face asked me if I was ready to keep my contract with her. I wished I was out of it, for I had never felt much faith in the justice of her cause, and I feared to be mixed and mix my crew in a violation of the laws. However, I told her that I would stand by her.

"Well, then," she said, "go about and while doing so give her a broadside from the barks."

I raised a glass to examine our enemy and was astonished to see on the after deck a woman, who appeared to be giving orders like the captain of a battleship. The peculiarity of the situation amazed me. Here were I and my crew serving under a woman while another was in command of our enemy, and we at least about to engage in an illegal alteration. Nevertheless I obeyed orders, sent a couple of men below to work the guns, and while turning the yacht's nose before the Spray the port gun was fired, and as we swung round the starboard gun followed suit. Neither shot took effect.

Our enemy paid no attention to our messengers, standing right for us. "To your rifles, men!" shouted Miss Hurlbert.

The men obeyed, though reluctantly, while I stood by, wondering what would happen next. Six rifles were resting on the gunwale of the Dawn, while the Spray was advancing head on. A man stood on the latter yacht's bow holding a paper in one hand a megaphone in the other. Raising the megaphone, he bellowed:

"You, on that yacht! You're wanted! I'm the sheriff of — county, Maine."

And holding up the paper he read through the megaphone a warrant for the arrest of Matilda Hurlbert.

That ended the matter for me. I did not propose to resist an arrest, though not knowing whether the warrant and the sheriff were genuine.

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Why cough? Stop it!

Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a medicine for coughs and colds, a regular doctor's medicine. Sold for seventy years. Use it! Ask your doctor if this is not good advice.

Unless there is daily action of the bowels, poisonous products are absorbed, causing headache, biliousness, nausea, dyspepsia. We wish you would ask your doctor about correcting your constipation by taking laxative doses of Ayer's Pills.

—As by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BEDFORD COUNTIANS

On Another Sightseeing Trip Through California.

Upland, Cal., Dec. 17, 1912.

Next day after taking the "Old Mission Trolley Trip," our crowd of eight Pennsylvanians took the famous Triangle Trolley Trip. This is another trip of one hundred miles, from the great Pacific Electric Station at Los Angeles past the immense railway shops, speeding southeast through the dairy lands and agricultural districts toward Santa Ana. On this trip we visited ten beaches, seven cities and went thirty miles along the seashore.

After speeding along for several miles, we could see the walnut groves of Whittier County, stretching away to the north, and the oil fields of the Olinda District, one of the greatest sources of crude oil in California.

As we passed through this dairy and agricultural country, we saw many chicken ranches, apiaries, dairy farms with large herds of cattle.

Some of the ranchmen were mowing and making alfalfa hay; some were plowing with gang plows using six horses in one plow. This section of country is irrigated principally by artesian wells.

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From this place we went direct west toward the Pacific Ocean. On this part of the trip we went through the midst of the great sugar beet and celery lands of the south, passing two large sugar factories.

We arrived at the ocean, at Hunting Beach, which is called the "Encampment City," one of the most popular recreation resorts of Southern California. This place is owned principally by one man and is named after its owner, Mr. Huntington, who has a private residence at Pasadena costing \$3,000,000.

From this place we went north along the coast for 30 miles, the next stop being at Long Beach, where we stayed two hours, long enough to get our dinners and take in a few more sights at this famous watering place. We were in the Carnegie Library building and saw the skeleton of a whale which was 63 feet long.

As we went north from Long Beach to San Pedro, we passed over a bridge one mile long; passed through the town of Wilmington in which all the buildings had been raised up seven feet by the Federal Government. This was done in order to raise the buildings above tide-water. The Government some years ago dredged the harbor at San Pedro and in order to get a place to put their ground filled up this entire town to the height above mentioned. This work was completed eight years ago.

From here we went to Point Fermin, which is a high, rocky cliff right at the ocean, where the large ocean waves dash up against it. On top of this cliff is located the government lighthouse. To the south from this place is the immense government breakwater which is two and one-fourth miles in length. It is composed of a solid stone wall built up from the bottom of the ocean. There is also a lighthouse built out on the end of this structure. This breakwater was built at a cost of more than three million dollars.

From here the car went toward Los Angeles passing the Aviation Field and its colossal grandstand from which thousands of people have seen the world's greatest bird-men break all records. We arrived at Los Angeles at 5 o'clock.

The business men of Los Angeles

have large touring automobiles in which they haul tourists around through the city, free of charge, showing them the city, especially the residence part of it, and as we were tourists, we took the advantage of this trip. These cars have seating capacity for 24 passengers. A guide was along who weighed 290 pounds. He said he was from the State of Texas, the largest state in the union, where they grow big people. He was not a lusty man. We started out through the business part of the city, then went through a portion of the residence part, and as there are several millionaires living in the western part of the city, we saw some beautiful homes. We passed through West Lake Park and a palm drive which had a row of palm trees thirty feet high on either side of the street. In our estimation a part of the city of Los Angeles equals or surpasses the city of Pasadena.

We have been a very busy set of people for the last two weeks. Our son, L. R. Kagarise, sold his grocery store and exchanged his property in Pomona for an orange and lemon ranch ten miles east of Pomona near Upland, where he moved on Thursday, December 5, and, as the following Monday was the last day they would receive oranges at the packing house at Cucamonga before shipping to the eastern markets for the holiday trade, he had to get busy at once, so hired five Japs and in seven hours they had one hundred and twenty-one boxes of oranges ready for the packing house, which we hauled in the next day.

We have been picking lemons the last four days; expect to finish this month's picking tomorrow. Since living here we have made garden, planted cabbage, onions, radishes, lettuce, turnips, beets and Swiss Chard.

This ranch is located along Eighth Street leading from Upland to Cucamonga packing houses. The Santa Fe Railroad passes about one hundred yards from the front of the house and the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake Railroads about two miles south.

N. S. Kagarise.

ACT QUICKLY

Delay Has Been Dangerous in Bedford.

Do the right thing at the right time.

Act quickly in time of danger.

In time of kidney danger Doan's Kidney Pills are most effective.

Plenty of evidence of their worth.

Mrs. D. F. Bartholow, Water St., Hyndman, Pa., says: "It was several years ago that I used Doan's Kidney Pills but I have not forgotten what this remedy did for me. I was in poor health for some time and suffered greatly from pains in my back and sides. I had chills and was often dizzy. Reading a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a supply and began their use. They brought me prompt relief and as I continued taking them, I steadily improved. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many other people and I have never known of a case where they have failed to prove of benefit." (Statement given October 12, 1907.)

A Permanent Cure

Mrs. Bartholow was interviewed several years later and she said: "Doan's Kidney Pills effected a complete and permanent cure in my case and I have had no need of a kidney medicine during the past two years, willingly confirming my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills, as I know that they are deserving of all the praise given them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Dec. 20-21.

Advertisement.

The Ladies' World

The Ladies' World for January opens with a striking confession by A Woman of Forty as to why she did not marry either of the two men to whom she had been, at different times, engaged. In each case it was because she felt the man was more absorbed in his own affairs than in her. An unusually strong story is one by Viola Burhans, called The Hundredth Woman; and of a different character, but equally interesting, is How the Outcast Made Good, by Emmet Mixx. A Daughter of the Sun, and The Christmas Kiss, carried over from the preceding number, leave the reader in a very contented state of mind, while the "happenings" to the fascinating Mary on the steamship Minnehaha keep one's emotions at the breaking point. There is also a novel prize contest in connection with one of the new plays that is sure to arouse the enthusiasm of the readers, besides possibly aiding their pocketbooks. The departments, as usual in this magazine, are full of excellent material, and the lover of good needlework, the dressmaker who seeks the latest fashion hints, the housewife looking for both good counsel and good recipes, and the mother and children will all find something to interest them. [New York; Fifty Cents a Year.]

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

They Always Help Elderly People

Foley Kidney Pills give just the help elderly people need to tone and strengthen their kidneys and bladder and regulate their action. John McMasters, Streator, Ill., says: "I feel better and stronger than I have for many years, and Foley Kidney Pills did it." Ed. D. Heckerman.

Advertisement.

A FUNNY EPIPHANY.

Beneath this tombstone lies a man. Not blown up by a powder can; Nor did foul Black Hand find him smitten With dread, death dealing dynamite. This man sold awful rods and spots. His sponge cake, too, he made of rots. That smell unlike forgetmenots. But as each dog must have his day So dissolution came his way; But, much unlike the average man, He died on the installment plan. One day the knave—oh, the sly dog! Decided to treat friends to nog. To make it he took up a rot, When it exploded like hot shot. That started a whole case of eggs, And the first two shot off his legs. His arms, his nose, his head, flew too, Until there wasn't left a clew. Where is he? Friend, investigate. Just monkey with a rot egg crate. You'll blow to kindling like a shot And light the fires where it's hot. C. M. BARNITZ.

THE POULTRY DOCTOR SAYS—

A small leak in the roof that lets water fall on droppings or a big splash on the door while pigeons are taking their bath is often the start of a big epidemic of pox and canker that cleans up the coop.

A tiny knothole back of the roost that makes a draft through the window often causes the wind to whistle through a rooster's whiskers and makes him a target for roup microbes, and the rooster undertaker gets busy.

Bedford Gazette

ESTABLISHED IN 1805

S. A. VAN ORMER,
Editor and Publisher.

The Gazette is the leading newspaper of Bedford County, and its circulation is far ahead of any of its contemporaries. As an advertising medium, it is one of the best in this part of the state.

Regular subscription price per year \$1.50, payable in advance.

Card of Thanks, 50c; Resolutions, \$1.00.

All communications should be addressed to

Gazette Publishing Co.,
Bedford, Pa.

FRIDAY MORNING, DEC. 27, 1912.

EGG-LAYING CONTEST

Bedford Poultryman Has Pen of White Leghorns Entered.

The second Philadelphia North American International Egg-Laying Competition is now being held upon the grounds of the Connecticut Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn., under the joint auspices of the above named paper and the Connecticut Agricultural College.

The competition began November 1, 1912, and will extend over a period of one year from that date. The entries are limited to 100 pens, and each entry consists of six pure bred females, either hens or pullets, no males being included. Five layers constitute a competing pen, the extra female being held as a substitute in case of the death or incurable malady of any member of the pen. No further substitution is permitted and all specimens sent, must be full-sized, healthy and vigorous. An entrance fee of \$25 is required for each entry.

The birds are all housed, fed and cared for alike and this with the record keeping is in charge of the officials of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station, a government institution.

All the birds are trap-nested and the competition is decided by the total number of marketable eggs laid by each pen.

Entries are received from all parts of the world and in this contest birds are entered from England, Canada, and many sections of the United States, some coming from as far west as California and Idaho.

It may be of interest to our readers to know that one of the pens in this contest was obliged to be packed over the mountains on horse-back for seven miles to the stage coach line and then nearly fifty miles to the nearest train. The enterprising woman from Idaho who sends this pen of White Wyandottes is so far out of the world that she has never seen but one pure bred flock besides her own.

Among the entries in this second contest is a pen of White Leghorns entered by Joseph J. Barclay of this place. We are pleased to note that thus far they have been making a creditable showing; at present ranking fourteenth among the hundred pens.

An English pen of White Leghorns have led from the start, and have been doing wonderful work.

In the first contest which was held last year the winning pen of White Leghorns laid 1,071 eggs, or about 2.4 eggs per bird. The average hen in the United States is supposed to lay about 85 eggs per year.

The best individual layer was a Rhode Island Red, laying 234 eggs. Out of nearly five hundred females in the contest about fifty laid over 200 eggs each, showing to what extent some poultrymen have developed the laying qualities of their stock.

It was also found that more depends upon the strain or breeding of a variety as to the number of eggs it will produce, than upon the variety itself.

The second competition includes every feature that has helped to make the first competition so successful, both from the view point of the poultrymen who entered their layers and also the reading purchasing public, requiring the offspring of pedigree layers.

It must be apparent to all interested in chickens that profit arises from good layers and that every enterprise egg producer realizes the necessity of having his strain certified by uninterested parties who are responsible to the fullest extent, it being equally important for the purchasing public that having selected the breed they prefer, to get the strain into which has been bred the tendency to lay.

Hicks—Bowser

On Sunday, December 22, at the Sixton Methodist parsonage, Thomas J. Hicks and Miss Alda M. Bowser, of Sixton, were married by Rev. George Leidy.

Ramsey-Spargo

Sunday evening, December 22, at the Church of God parsonage, Sixton, Rev. F. W. McGuire joined in marriage Howard Lefoy Ramsey and Clara Pearl Spargo.

EVENTS IN 1912

Complete Record from January to December.

HISTORY DAY BY DAY.

Notable Occurrences Throughout the World.

NAMES ON THE DEATH ROLL

The Turkish-Italian and Turkish-Balkan Wars—Items of Miscellaneous Interests, Accidents, Fires, Wrecks and Floods—Games and Races—A Chronological Review.

JANUARY.

- Political Dr Sun Yat Sen took the oath as provisional president of China at Nanking.
- Sporting Kohlemainen of Finland won Marathon and championship of the world at Edinburgh, time, 2 hours 32 minutes 56 seconds. Barney Reilly broke the record of the Stoughton side (ski) at Milwaukee with a 137-foot jump.
- Obituary: Alfred Tennyson Dickens, son of the novelist, in New York; aged 67.
- Personal: Cavalieri, the opera star, divorced from R. W. Chandler.
- Obituary: Rear Admiral Robley D Evans, U. S. N., retired, in Washington, aged 66.
- Obituary: Capt. J. C. Jorgenson, rifle inventor, in Washington; aged 60.
- Fire: In the business section of Columbia, S. C.; loss about \$400,000.
- Storm: A blizzard raged in the Mississippi valley from Kansas to the lakes; 11 persons frozen to death.
- Political: New Mexico proclaimed a state in the Union.
- Obituary: L. G. Gottschalk, noted old time opera singer, in Chicago; aged 66.
- Fire: The Equitable Life Assurance building burned in New York; 6 persons killed, 15 injured.
- Philippine Islands: 25 Moros killed in battle with American cavalry on the island of Jolo.
- Shipwreck: The Russian steamer Russ founderered in the Black sea; 172 lives lost.
- Aviation: The French aviator Jules Vedrines beat the world's speed record in flying 884 miles in 1 hour at Pau.
- Fire: Loss of \$300,000 in Birmingham, Ala.
- Obituary: Henry Labouchere, editor of London Truth, in Florence, Italy; aged 81.
- Cuba: The United States government warned Cuba that political disturbance on the island must cease.
- Convention: The United Mine Workers of America met in annual convention at Indianapolis.
- Shipwreck: The British steamship Wiston Hall wrecked off the coast of Aberdeenshire; 82 seamen drowned.
- Storm: England: blizzard, bound, traffic tied up and telegraph lines wrecked.
- Personal: Charles W. Morse, the banker, freed from Atlanta penitentiary on a pardon by the president.
- Mining Accident: 15 miners killed and 40 injured by dust explosion at Kemmerer, Wyo.
- Aviation Disaster: Rutherford Page of New York killed in a Curtiss biplane at Los Angeles, the first fatality in the United States in 1912.
- Railroad Accident: In a wreck on the Illinois Central at Kinnmundy, Ill., the former president of the road, J. T. Harahan, was killed; also F. O. Melcher, second vice-president of the Rock Island, and E. B. Pierce, general solicitor of the same system.
- Obituary: Dr. G. Ulrich, with 3 passengers, stayed in the shipboard and 3 minutes at Japantown, Germany, a world endurance record.
- Sporting: George Bonhag ran 5,000 meters in 15 minutes 45 seconds in New York, a world's record. Pat Macdonald, heaved an 18 pound shot 44 feet and a half. Jack Eley made a new record in a 100 yard hurdle race in New York, 10 seconds.
- Obituary: Judge William L. Lohren, noted jurist, former commissioner of penitentiaries in Minneapolis, Minn.; aged 62.
- Fire: The Academy of Music and annex buildings destroyed in Pittsfield, Mass.; loss \$300,000.

FEBRUARY.

- Marine Disaster: The British submarine boat A-3 sunk in collision with submarine Hazard off the Isle of Wight; crew of 14 drowned.
- The Maine Wreck: The hulk of the battleship Maine was floated at Havana. Fire: \$1,500,000 factory blaze in Philadelphia.
- Obituary: General J. B. Weaver, who was candidate for president in 1880 and again in 1892, at Des Moines, aged 79.
- Fire: Hotel Dowdew burned at Lansing, Mich.; loss \$300,000.
- Sporting: Willie Hoppe retained his title of world's champion at 13 billiard tables by defeating George Sutton 500 to 250 in New York.
- Obituary: Abbe Charles Loysen, famous French preacher known as Pere Hyacinthe at Paris, aged 85.
- Sporting: The world's record of 6 feet 3/4 inches for indoor high jump beaten by S. C. Lawrence, who leaped 6 feet 4 1/2 inches at Boston.
- Obituary: Louis Hellprin, encyclopedist and writer in New York city; aged 61.
- China: The Manchu dynasty abdicated the throne of China by an edict vesting the sovereignty in the people.
- Dynamiting: 41 officials and ex-officials of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers arrested in various parts of the country charged with complicity in a dynamite conspiracy.
- Political: Arizona proclaimed a state of the Union.
- Railroad Accident: The Chicago Limited wrecked when running a mile at a minute at Warrior's Ridge, Pa.; 7 killed and 7 injured.
- China: Yuan Shih Kai elected president of the Chinese republic by the national assembly.
- Obituary: Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, author and one of the founders of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in New York city; aged 82.
- Obituary: Count von Aehrenthal, premier of Austro-Hungary, at Vienna aged 52.
- Fire: In the business district of Bloomfield, Mo.; loss \$25,000.
- Storm: 20 lives lost in a windstorm which swept over Louisiana and Mississippi.
- Alpine Tunnel: Jungfrau railroad tunnel in the Alps pierced at an altitude

of 13,000 feet, where a station is located.

Storm: The middle west struck by a blizzard, which in some places was the worst in many years.

Fire: In the business and residence section of Houston, Tex.; loss \$5,500,000 and 2,000 people homeless.

Windstorm: The Atlantic coast struck by a wind traveling at the rate of over 90 miles an hour and often over 100 miles.

Sporting: Kilbane defeated Attell in a 20 round contest for the world's featherweight championship at Los Angeles.

Italian War: The Italian parliament voted to annex Tripoli.

Political: Roosevelt formally announced that he would accept the Republican nomination if offered him.

Storm: A tornado swept over Texas, Kansas, Mississippi and Missouri, causing heavy loss of life and property.

Mexico: Juarez, Mexico, captured by insurgents against Madero's government.

MARCH.

- War in Tripoli: Italian war department announced that the loss from Italian troops in the war with Turkey was \$80.
- English Coal Strike: Strike of 1,000,000 British miners in a dispute over wages.
- Obituary: Annie Yeaman, well known actress, in New York city, aged 76.
- Personal: Marconi, pioneer of wireless telegraphy, made a life member of the Italian senate.

South Pole Search: Amundsen, the explorer, announced that he reached the south pole on Dec. 17, 1911.

China: Yuan Shih Kai inaugurated provisional president of China.

Lawrence Strike: End of the strike of mill operatives at Lawrence, Mass., which began Jan. 11, 1912.

Obituary: Henry Bacon, noted American artist, at Cairo, Egypt; aged 73.

Shipwreck: American fishing schooner Patrician wrecked off Cape Sable; captain and 9 of the crew drowned.

Storm: The South Atlantic coast states swept by a hurricane; many deaths, traffic paralyzed.

Shipwreck: 10 lives lost by the sinking of the Oriental liner Oceania after collision in the English channel.

The Maine Wreck: The hulk of the battleship Maine was sunk with imposing ceremonies on the coast of Cuba.

Obituary: Rear Admiral G. W. Melville, noted naval veteran of the civil war and later an arctic explorer, at Philadelphia; aged 72.

Sporting: Arthur Postle, famous professional runner, made a 100-yard dash in 14 1/2 seconds and a 200 yard dash in 18 seconds at Auckland, New Zealand; both are world's records.

Personal: Judge Marion Pitney of New Jersey was installed as associate of the United States supreme court.

Aerial Warfare: An Italian army aeroplane dropped bombs into a Turkish camp in Tripoli, killing 10 Arabs.

Explosion: A mysterious explosion killed 32 men at San Antonio, Tex.

Celebration: The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences celebrated its centenary.

Mining Accidents: 9 miners killed by explosion at Dunmore, near Scranton, Pa. Explosion wrecked the San Bois mines at McCurtain, Okla., burying over 100 miners.

Battlefield near Jiminez, Mexico, between government troops and 1,800 insurgents, who were routed.

Obituary: Gen. H. H. Bingham, member of congress, known as "the father of the house," at Philadelphia; aged 71.

Mexico: Insurgents repulsed an attack by regular troops at Jiminez.

Judicial: Chicago meat packers declared not guilty of violating the anti-trust laws.

Mining Accident: 82 miners killed by an explosion at Joplin, Mo.

Riot: During a political riot at Rock Island the police fired on the crowd, killing 3 citizens and wounding 9.

Convention: The American Academy of Political Social Science met in Philadelphia.

Fire: Young's pier, noted resort at Atlantic City, burned; loss \$500,000.

Obituary: Senator Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, a veteran in national politics, known as "Fiddling Bob," in Washington; aged 61.

APRIL.

Sporting: Oxford won the annual race with Cambridge on the Thames; time for 4½ miles, 22 minutes 2 seconds.

Political: Milwaukee elected a fusion mayor over a Socialist by 12,000 majority.

Aviation Disaster: Calbraith Rodgers, aviator, who flew from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 1911, killed in a flight at Long Beach, Cal.

Obituary: Dr. L. K. Funk, author and publisher, at Mountaintop, N. J.; aged 72.

British: English miners' conference abandoned their coal strike.

Flood: 2,000 square miles inundated by a flood in the Mississippi; damage estimated \$10,000,000; 40,000 homeless.

Obituary: Emily Soldene, vocalist, actress, journalist and novelist, who introduced Gilbert and Sullivan operas in America, in London.

The Titanic: The White Star liner Titanic sank from Southampton on her maiden voyage for New York.

Sporting: Major league baseball season opened.

Obituary: Miss Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross society, at Glen Echo, Md., aged 90.

General: Fredric Denier, son of the late Gen. U. S. Grant, in New York city; aged 62.

Political: The state department warned the Mexicans that their country will be held responsible for the protection of Americans.

Titanic Wreck: The White Star liner Titanic sank by collision with an iceberg in longitude 50° 14' west, latitude 41° 46' north, at 2:20 a. m. out of 1,200 passengers and crew only 707 were saved.

Obituary: W. T. Stead journalist and reformer, at sea, aged 62.

Isidor Straus, merchant and philanthropist, at sea, aged 67.

Francis D. Millet, artist, at sea, aged 65.

Col. J. J. Astor, soldier and capitalist, at sea, aged 61.

James Futrelle, author, at sea, aged 57.

Aviation Miss Harriet Quimby, the American air woman, flew across the English channel, the first woman to accomplish the feat.

Personal: Statue to John Paul Jones, naval hero of the Revolutionary war, unveiled in Washington.

Sporting: Mike Ryan of the New York Athletic club won the annual American Marathon at Boston, covering the 26 mile course in 2 hours 21 minutes 18 1/2 seconds.

Storm: Nearly 100 people killed by cyclone in Illinois and Indiana.

Obituary: Justin McCarthy, novelist, historian, former member of parliament, at Folkestone, England, aged 82.

Obituary: Dr. D. K. Pearson, who gave all his fortune to colleges, in Chicago; aged 92.

Storm: Oklahoma swept by a tornado 31 dead.

Fire: The great bazaar quarters in Damascus, Syria, burned; loss \$10,000.

Shipwreck: Steamer Texas, under the Turkish flag, sunk in the gulf of Smyrna; 6 passengers drowned.

The Titanic Cable ship Mackay Bennett with her cargo of 190 of the Titanic dead recovered from the sea.

Alpine Tunnel: Jungfrau railroad tunnel in the Alps pierced at an altitude

MAY.

1. Convention: Colonial Dames met in Washington.

2. Obituary: Homer C. Davenport, famous cartoonist, in New York, aged 45.

3. Army Aviation: Italian airships dropped 30 bombs on the Turkish works at Aziziah, Tripoli.

4. Convention: United Confederate Veterans met at Macon, Ga.

GREETING!

May the New Year bring
prosperity to all our
friends.

MRS. ELLA GILCHRIST

A WORD TO OUR CUSTOMERS...

To the old customers of this store we offer appreciation for the substantial recognition they have given to our efforts to deserve their loyalty and continued patronage.

To our new customers we express the hope that their initial experience with this store has been of the satisfactory character that will add them to the list of permanent customers.

To both old and new customers we extend our most earnest wishes that 1913 may bring to them a degree of prosperity that will far exceed their own expectations.

J. FLOYD MURDOCK
The Store for Quality
Jeweler Graduate Optician

WISHING ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR

JAMES E. CLEAVER
JEWELER OPTICIAN

SUIT OR OVERCOAT
MADE
TO
MEASURE
\$15.00
\$20.00
S. L. NAUS, "Tailor"
Odd Fellow Building, Second Floor.

We now have a complete
line of Children's and Ladies'
Fall and Winter Wraps and
Shoes.

W. C. KEYSER, - - - Schellsburg, Pa.

PARCELS POST SYSTEM

Will Go Into Effect on Wednesday,
January 1, 1913.

On January 1, 1913, the Postoffice Department will inaugurate the Parcels Post System. The system provides for the carrying and delivery of parcels to every portion of the United States and the Insular Possessions, the limit of weight being 11 pounds. Packages must be of convenient shape and no larger in any direction than may be enclosed in a six-foot tape.

Zones have been established, the rates being graduated according to distances from the point of mailing. The Johnstown zone includes all of Cambria, Blair, Somerset, Indiana and Bedford Counties, with portions of Clearfield, Huntingdon, Westmoreland, Jefferson and Fulton Counties.

The rates for this zone are:

1 pound	.05
2 pounds	.06
3 pounds	.07
4 pounds	.08
5 pounds	.09
6 pounds	.10
7 pounds	.11
8 pounds	.12
9 pounds	.13
10 pounds	.14
11 pounds	.15

Parcels weighing four ounces or less are mailable at the rate of one cent for each ounce or fraction of an ounce, regardless of distance.

At "parcels" rates any fraction of a pound is considered a full pound. The above rates apply to all Bedford County postoffices, whose center in the zone is Johnstown.

Reighard-Troutman

Clarence W. Reighard and Miss Florence H. Troutman, of Belden, were married on Monday, December 23, by Rev. John H. Zinn, D. D.

SHE TURNED
TRAITOR

And Was Glad of It

BY GERTRUDE S. VARNEY

When the war between the states broke out I was living on a small plantation—or, rather, a farm, as it would be called in the north—in Georgia and the only girl in a family of seven. I was so bitter, a rebel, that Bob, the youngest, said I'd better organize a corps of amazons to help repel the invaders.

Father said that if a Yankee soldier smiled on me I'd drop.

"Do you mean to say, pop, that I would ever love a man who had come down here to deprive us of our liberties and take away our property?"

"I wouldn't trust you, Kit, if he had sense enough to flatter you, and more especially if he should enlist your sympathies."

I was so mad at this that I went out to the barn, fearing that I might say something disrespectful.

The invaders kept coming nearer and nearer till, at last we had them all about us like pestiferous animals, or rather like a flight of locusts or grasshoppers eating up our diminished supplies and burning our fences for their campfires. If I hated them before I now both hated and dreaded them. "I wish," I said, "they had one neck and I could chop their heads off with an ax as I would kill a chicken." Pop only laughed at this.

One morning I was on my way to Aunt Mary's when, crossing a stile, I looked right down into the face of a Yankee asleep. He was very pale, and I noticed that he was handsome. There's something defenseless in one asleep that takes away animosity. I was about to say "poor fellow" when I thought of what pop had said about woman's weakness through her sympathies, and I made up my mind I would show the family that I was of some use in the struggle even if I was only a girl. So I ran back to the house and, taking pop's rifle that stood in a corner behind a door, without saying anything to any one I went back and, aiming the gun at the sleeper, called out:

"Wake up!"

He opened his eyes, but he must have been very much exhausted, for, seeing the window to the ground, I went downstairs and, taking an empty bucket and giving it to Sam Warden, the guard, who (a crown for my treachery) had asked me to be his wife, asked him to go to the spring across the road in front of the house and bring me some water while I guarded the detestable Yankee in his place, and I sealed the inquiry by giving him a Judas kiss.

His absence gave me just time enough to seize one of the sheaves and toss it up to the prisoner, whom I called to the window. He caught it and took it in. Then I returned to the room where he was and unbinding the sheaf, put it about him and tied it up again. Then I put one end of the rope of bedclothes into his hands and tied the other end to a leg of the bedstead. This all done, I told the spy to watch by the window and if he saw me disappear, when he heard me give a little shriek, to make the descent and take position by the field as a sheaf of wheat.

Going downstairs again I began to talk to Sam Warden about our affair, putting up my lips near his to tempt him. He begged for a kiss, and after teasing him awhile I told him that if he would come around the corner of the house where there were no windows I would give him one. After a hesitating glance at the prisoner's window, he consented, only for a minute and attempted to take the kiss. I gave a little shriek, then allowed him to take me in his arms and give me as many kisses as he liked.

When he started to go back to his post I looked at him reproachfully and asked him if he was through so soon. This detained him for a few minutes longer, when fearing that if I endeavored to keep him further he might suspect my design, I went back with him to the rear of the house.

There was the wheatfield, but I could not detect the sheaf which contained the man for whom I had become a double traitor. While my heart was beating wildly, I ran upstairs.

The room was empty. I danced for joy. There would be no hanging. I had undone what I had done for my country and deserved to be hanged instead of the spy. But in twinkling I had been changed. I would rather suffer death for the prisoner than live for my country. My demoralization was complete.

Later in the day I looked at the wheatfield and saw that one sheaf had fallen on the ground. I knew the man inside it could not stand. I was terrified, for fear some one would go and set it up. In an agony of suspense, I waited for darkness to come. It came at last and the messenger did not return till 10 o'clock at night, to find that the spy had escaped.

When the war was over the Yankee came back to claim the girl who had saved his life, and the story came out. But I had become shameless. The whole family, remembering my Confederate proclivities, in the war, began to laugh at me. The mother said:

"Kit, you made the kind of a soldier women are fitted to make, and you deserve a medal of honor."

"No," I replied. "I made a coward, a renegade, a traitor, and deserve to be hanged, but I'm glad of it."

anything else he needed. He said there was. He undoubtedly would be hanged, and he would like me to write a letter to his mother. I saw this would do more to break me down than a hundred guns, and I didn't wish to do it, but I couldn't refuse him, and, getting the materials, I sat down by his bed, and he began to dictate. The very beginning caused me to waiver. "Dearest mother," spoken in a tremulous voice, was like sticking a knife into my heart. He went on to tell her that she must not grieve for him; that he died for his country and had he got through without being captured would have rendered it a great service. I was weak enough to regret that I had been the cause of his capture, and when he came to the last words, "Your loving son who is about to die," I burst into a torrent of tears and sprinkled them on the paper.

This ended the fight for me. My rout was complete. I was ready to turn traitor to my country by assisting in the escape of one of her enemies who might cause the defeat—indeed, the slaughter—of her sons, among whom were my own brothers. To get him out of the house during the day seemed impossible, and by evening the messenger might return with soldiers to take him away. But I was now as hot for the enemy as I had been against him. I looked out of the window. There was the man on guard, sitting on a wood pile with a shotgun between his knees. A wheatfield extended from a few yards of the house to a wood an eighth of a mile away. In the interval there was not a tree or an obstruction of any kind. The wheat had been cut and was stacked on the ground in sheaves. Could anything be more hopeless for an escape?

But that power of duplicity, sympathy, unreasoning antagonism to see a fellow creature—especially a man who has awakened the divine spark of love—suffer, had been aroused in me, and I was as ready to do and dare in my field as a man in his. I must act in broad day; I dare not risk waiting for night. I looked at the sheaves and the guard below and an idea—no, two ideas—came to me like the flash of a gun. Seizing a part of the bed covering, I began to tear it into strips.

"Are you strong enough," I asked the invader, "to let yourself down from the window by this?"

"I am strong enough, sweetheart," he said, his countenance lighting with hope and love, "to do anything you require."

Oh, that word "sweetheart!" It stung me with ecstasy. When I had made a rope long enough to reach nearly from the window to the ground, I went downstairs and, taking an empty bucket, and giving it to Sam Warden, the guard, who (a crown for my treachery) had asked me to be his wife, asked him to go to the spring across the road in front of the house and bring me some water while I guarded the detestable Yankee in his place, and I sealed the inquiry by giving him a Judas kiss.

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Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

No Alum
No Lime Phosphates

Springhope

December 25—We wish all Gazette readers a Happy New Year.

Prof. Chester Rininger, of Juniata College, Huntingdon, is spending his holiday vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rininger.

Miss Jennie Blattenberger of Altoona is visiting home folks at present.

Mrs. Joseph Russell, of near this place has been having a serious attack of rheumatism.

Charles Griffith of Altoona visited his parents on Tuesday.

Miss Lena Blattenberger is seriously ill.

G. H. Miller and family, of near Schellsburg, and D. H. Deane and family, of this place, took dinner on Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Deane.

Nathan Riseling, wife and family, of Point, spent Christmas at Pierre Herschberger's.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It favored a Plot That Failed
By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazing fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room reploting the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pouted Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully.

"Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I went to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head beat more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her carefree remark.

"Come, Lena; put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell, there came an intermission to the plans. A maid servant tripped down the wide, curving stairway with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head, "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the room awhile ago."

Mrs. Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug, and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note, because it's signed and—" The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure.

"Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impertinence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the—dene and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended drabatically.

"Open it, goose, and then come outdoors," advised Lena impudently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly unknotted the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It ran thus:

Darling there was a huge bl. blot (obscured the name)—There is something I must tell you before I go. Will you not be reading it in the library a half hour before dinner? Devotedly. Lindsay.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a silky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger archly at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with ex-citement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "By by, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodby," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wore delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarreling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost blighted thing in the garden, for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overflow her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warn-

ed them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm crimson serge gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their hunting expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face. Lena, dazzling in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curly at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here."

The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rosy veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stopped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as wan as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately chose a brilliant scarlet polynetta blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited vain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set or that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table. Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodby, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning," called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all part at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia heard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that train, too, Lang? You said you're leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be an ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town"—But Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodby to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappiest girl in the world—if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them, and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's woebegone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away, intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia."

And the blot on Felicia's happy Thanksgiving day was washed out.



GROWING BOYS AND GIRLS

are under double strain—
strength to live and learn and
strength to grow—they must
have nourishment—not over-
loaded stomachs, but con-
centrated nutriment to aid
nature during the growing
period.

The wonderful record of
Scott's Emulsion as a body-
builder has been proved for
three generations. It strengthens
the bones, muscles and sinews;
**builds the body, creates energy
and vigor;** prevents and relieves
colds and fortifies the lungs.

Millions of delicate and un-
developed children have been
made strong, sturdy and hearty
with **Scott's Emulsion.**

Insist on having SCOTT'S.
Scott & Bowes, Bloomfield, N.J. 12-68

There Are 2,000 Varieties of Apples

In the January Woman's Home
Companion Fannie Merritt Farmer,
cooky editor of that periodical,
published an article entitled "The
Wholesome Apple In Cookery" to-
gether with fifteen recipes for cook-
ing apple dishes. In her introduc-
tion, she says:

"Scandinavian legends affirm that
the apple was the favorite food of
the gods. It was one of the first
fruits grown by the Romans; it was
early introduced into England, and
brought from there to America. It
is easily cultivated, bears fruit farther
north than almost any other and
by means of grafting almost two
thousand varieties have been pro-
duced. These facts show in part
why the apple stands at the head of
all fruits."

Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of "The
Cause and Cure of Colds," says that
common colds should be taken seriously,
especially when they "hang on." Foley's Honey and Tar
Compound is a reliable household
medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective
for children and for grown persons.
Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger
of serious results and cure quickly.
No harmful drugs. Ed. D. Heckerman.

When baby suffers with croup, apply
and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil
at once. Safe for children. A little
goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At
all drug stores.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

When baby suffers with croup, apply
and give Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil
at once. Safe for children. A little
goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At
all drug stores.

Remain of the Coster.

The English costermonger must be
fearfully and wonderfully clothed
judging from the following coster
tailor's advertisement in a London
paper:

"A slap-up togs and kickslies builder,
with upper Benjamins snipped on a
downy plan, with spoleskins of hunk-
panky design, with a double fakement
down the sides and artful buttons at
bottom, with kickslies cut pegtop, bat-
hight, or to drop loose over the tro-
ters, with fancy vests made to flas-
the dickey, or to fit tight round th
scrug."

Domestic Joys.

"Rosa, my mother-in-law is com-
ing for a long visit tomorrow. Here is
list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us
of these you'll get a week's notice,"
Fielegende Blatter.

Croupy Coughs and Wheezy Colds

The quickest, simplest way to rid
the children of dangerous, croupy
coughs and wheezy, stuffy colds is to
give them Foley's Honey and Tar
Compound. It gives almost instant
relief and stops a cough promptly.
It soothes and heals. Contains no
opiates. Ed. D. Heckerman.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that
they wish to preserve may protect them
from dust by brushing them with a
preparation of white wax and white
soap, half a teaspoonful of each bol-
ed with a quart of rain or other soft
water. Use when cold, and when they
are dried the casts may be wiped with a
damp cloth without injury. To harden
casts brush with a strong solution
of alum water and brush with white
wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the
cast in a warm place to dry after using
the latter, and it will have a look not
unlike that of old ivory.

Had to Creep.

"Why do you say 'A blash crept over
the face of the fair plaintiff?'" asks
the editor.

"Because," explains the society edi-
tor, "there was so much powder on her
face the blash had to creep or else it
would raise too much dust!"

The Clever Ones.

Briggs—Some men are born great,
others achieve greatness. **Briggs**—Yes;
and others simply have the trick of
making other people think they're
great.

To Felicia the note must have an
immediate interpretation. Under that
irregular blot was a name. Whose?

She took a wet sponge and washed
the blot away. There under the dark
splotch of washed out ink a name was
scratched deeply. Now the note read:

"Darling Felicia."

And the blot on Felicia's happy
Thanksgiving day was washed out.

BROTHER AND SISTER

There Was a Great Social
Gap Between Them

By E. A. MITCHEL

dropped his card on the salver I pre-
sented to him and I took it upstairs to
my mistress. On the way I glanced at
it, and as soon as my eyes rested upon
it the salver dropped from my hand
and rolled down the stairs. I ran after
it, picked it up, found the card and
proceeded on my way. The name on
it was Albert Pendleton Cushing. The
visitor was my brother.

My mistress, who had heard the sal-
ver rattle on the stairs, looked at me
as I entered her room in surprise; for
she had often commended me for my
carefulness, giving me certain Dresden
ups she valued very highly to wash
after having been used, and refusing to
permit any other servant to clean them.
She saw as I handed her the card on
the salver that something had occurred
to move me, but she had the tact to
refrain from asking personal questions,
about what they might reveal of their
own accord, and made no comment on
my agitation. I was much relieved at
this, for I required time to consider
whether or no I would inform her that
she was being courted by the brother
of her maid.

After much thought upon the sub-
ject, also whether I should make my-
self known to Bert, I could not deter-
mine to do anything in the premises.
If I took any action it would be to
make a confidante of my mistress and
not on any account reveal to Bert that
I was her sister.

From this time I had a secret on my
mind that troubled me, or, rather, I
was distressed by the position I occu-
pied. I longed to throw my arms
around Bert's neck and rejoice that
he would take a position as telegraph
messenger—the only occupation for
boys he had noticed—but despite our
pleasings we were sent in different
directions. This, of course, promised
better for us than trying to make our
way in the world for ourselves at that
tender age, but it seemed dreadfully
hard to us.

It did turn out better, though in my
case the good results were delayed for
a long while. The lady who took me
had no children and intended to adopt
me. But persons who have not and
never have had children of their own
cannot begin with a child of ten
without great trouble. It is like taking
up any other occupation about which
we have learned nothing. Besides, my
foster mother was a very nervous
woman, and whatever I did worried her.
I had been with her but a short
while when she decided that her health
required that she should be relieved of
my care, and I was given up to another
person who was paid to take me.

One day Miss Gwendolyn said to me:
"Lucia, I have been thinking much
about you lately and have come to a
decision concerning you. Your birth,
supplemented by what I have been
able to do for you in education, will
not admit of your remaining longer a
servant. I have some work laid out
for you—keeping the accounts of a
charitable association of which I am
treasurer, the salary of which is \$600
a year. I wish you to continue to live
here, and that you may feel independent.
I will give you the care of my
wardrobe."

It would be useless for me to at-
tempt to describe in words my joy at
this announcement. Sooner or later I
would claim Bert for my brother, and
that without placing him in an embar-
rassing position. Gwendolyn would not
listen to thanks, saying that my position
as a maid had been as embarrassing
to her as it must have been to me.
She also told me that her admirer
and my admirer were coming that
same evening to play cards and she
wished me to make a fourth hand.
Miss Gwendolyn Hawley, my mistress,
was delighted with the success of her efforts
in behalf of me, assuring me when I expressed
my gratitude that she was indebted to

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

It favored a Plot That Failed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three girls sat around the blazin fire in the great hall. There was a light fall of snow on the ground, and the low hanging gray clouds promised another flurry of white flakes. The men of the household had taken their guns and disappeared in the direction of the woods. Bob Lindsay had promised them a rabbit pie for the Thanksgiving dinner, and Mrs. Lindsay was in her sitting room replanning the menu with this gastronomic delight in view.

"I don't believe it would hurt us one bit to go down into the woods. Of course I don't like to see them shoot the darling little fluffy rabbits, but it's awfully stupid here," pouted Lena Gilbert, looking wistfully through the window at the gray outside world.

"Why don't you go out, Lena? I will go too. Want to come, Felicia?" Amy arose and stretched her supple young form lazily. "This fire feels mighty good," she added regretfully.

"Run along, do," urged Felicia. "I went to finish this collar tonight, so you can't lure me outdoors. I enjoyed a brisk walk before breakfast."

"So did Langford," observed Amy carelessly and then bit her lip.

To a disinterested observer all three girls looked conscious at the mention of Langford Dale's name. Felicia's dark head beat more closely above her embroidery, and a deep rose color invaded her cheeks. Lena Gilbert grew quite white, and her light blue eyes scanned Felicia's charming face. Amy Lindsay, whose guests they were, was quite distressed at the suggestiveness of her careless remark.

"Come, Lena; put on your woolly cap. The first flakes are flying now."

As Lena arose, straightening her slender form with a side glance at Felicia Wendell, there came an interruption to the plans. A maid servant tipped down the wide, curving staircase with a folded bit of paper in her hand.

"I beg pardon, Miss Amy," she said with a pert toss of her head. "but what shall I do with this note? It doesn't exactly tell who it's for."

"Where did you find it, Nora?" she asked.

"In the upper hall, ma'am. It might have dropped from the basket of waste paper I had taken from the rooms a while ago."

Miss Lindsay looked doubtfully at the outside of the twisted note. "Really, Nora, it may not be a note at all. Very likely it is merely a bit of discarded paper." She tossed it toward the fire, but it fell short on the hearth rug, and Lena Gilbert picked it up.

Nora made a movement of protest. "Oh, ma'am, I do believe it is a note because it's signed and"—The girl stopped short and reddened furiously at Amy's look of surprised displeasure.

"Ah, you read it, Nora?"

"How could I find out where it belonged if I didn't open it? And I was right too." And Nora Brady, who knew that her term of service would soon be ended, smiled as she ventured this last impudence and slipped away to the rear of the house. Lena Gilbert tossed the twisted paper over to Amy, who caught it deftly.

"Very likely it's only a scribbled memorandum. Nora is always creating mountains from molehills. I am so glad that she is to marry the younger and go away. To open it or not, that is the vital question," she ended dramatically.

"Open it, goodie, and then come out doors," advised Lena impatiently. She leaned against Amy's shoulder as the latter slowly unwrote the note and spread it out so that it could be read. It read thus:

Darling (there was a huge blot that obliterated the name)—Thee is scratching I must tell you before I go. Will you not be reading in the library a half hour before dinner? Devotedly, LANG.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Amy Lindsay as the meaning of the note dawned upon her. She crumpled it in her hand and stared excitedly into Lena's red face. "What have I done?"

"Only read my note, dear," said Lena in a sulky voice, and her slim fingers drew the paper from Amy's hand and tucked it into the bosom of her gown. "I forgive you, Amy, but don't let us talk about it. It's a dead secret, you know!" She shook her finger angrily at her doubtful hostess.

Lena's face was sparkling with excitement and triumph as she gently pushed Amy from the hall. "Leave that to me, Amy," she advised, with a rippling laugh. "Bye, Felicia," she sang over her shoulder at the dark haired girl sewing quietly by the fire.

"Goodby," smiled Felicia, quite indifferent to the little scene about the note Nora had found.

As she wove delicate stitches in the fine linen collar she was embroidering her thoughts flew to that early morning walk in the wintry garden. She had stolen out all alone to drink in the fresh cold air, to watch the bluejays quarreling among the leafless trees, to find beauty in every frost blighted thing in the garden, for she knew that Langford Dale loved her, and this was the happiest Thanksgiving day of her life. Then to overflow her brimming cup of happiness he had joined her, and had been trying to tell her of his love when the breakfast bell had warn-

ed them that the other members of the household were astir and they must not be absent.

As they hurried indoors Amy, in a warm crimson serge gown, stood in the porch and railed them on their early rising.

"He said something about this evening," she said to herself, and a wistful smile curved her pink lips.

Lena Gilbert, passing by, saw the smile and marveled. Her own lips were set in a straight scarlet line that matched the vivid hue of her cap. "It is fate," she muttered between her set teeth.

The men did not return from their expedition until an hour before dinner, but Felicia had spent the afternoon in her own room, and when she was sure that every one was dressing she stole downstairs to the music room and opened the piano. She loved these half hours of music, when in the sound proof room she played softly to herself, dreaming as she played.

When she had finished with a dainty, airy thing that seemed to express her own light heartedness she went to the library. The evening papers would be here, and it was a favorite gathering place for the women before dinner.

She was well within the great room before she was aware that it was already occupied and that her presence was an intrusion. Langford Dale was standing there, one elbow on the high mantel shelf and his head thrown back, looking down at Lena Gilbert with a rather surprised expression on his face. Lena, dazzling in pale blue, with her golden hair piled in a mass of puffs and curls at the back of her head, stood before him with flushed cheeks and drooping eyes. As Felicia entered Lena was saying:

"I received your note, Lang, and I am here." The little scene smote sharply upon Felicia's happy mood, and the rosy veil was torn from her eyes. Before either of them had noticed her presence she had vanished. Back to the music room she flew, her fingers crushed tightly in her palms.

When she stopped in the middle of the room and stared before her she saw her own reflection in the long mirror. All in white she was, like a bride, and her face was as wan as the white lilies of the valley on her bosom. Those were Langford Dale's favorite flowers.

All at once she laughed shortly and tossed the flowers from her. She crossed the room to another door and entered the small conservatory. Here she deliberately chose a brilliant scarlet poinsettia blossom and placed it against the white of her gown. It gave color to her cheeks and lips when she went to the dining room.

Felicia did not glance at Langford Dale, who had taken Lena Gilbert in to dinner. She talked vivaciously to Jimmy Folsom and excited vain hopes in the breast of that much smitten young man. She did not notice that Langford's handsome face was pale and set or that Lena's eyes flashed terrible anger and contempt and that the two did not once address each other, but conversed with their neighbors at the table. Felicia's heart was bleeding and sore at the faithlessness of one whom she thought worthy of her love.

After dinner Langford found her alone for an instant and approached her. "Felicia," he was whispering eagerly, when she arose and, with a withering look at him, crossed to Mrs. Lindsay's side, where she remained the rest of the evening.

"Good night and goodby, everybody. I'm going on the early train tomorrow morning," called Lena Gilbert merrily as they all parted at the foot of the stairs at bedtime.

As they crowded around Miss Gilbert, each one adding his or her word of regret at her going, Felicia overheard Jimmy Folsom speaking to Langford Dale. "You going on that train, too, Lang? You said you're leaving in the morning, but isn't it just a bit—eh?" he chuckled disagreeably.

"Don't be a ass, Jimmy," growled Langford.

"Well, you told me a half hour ago that business suddenly required your presence in town—but Felicia did not hear the rest. She said goodby to Lena Gilbert and then went up to her room, the unhappiest girl in the world if one excepted Lena Gilbert.

Just as midnight was striking in the hall below Lena came tapping at her door. "May I come in, Felicia?" she inquired in a strained voice.

"Certainly," called Felicia, who sat in her dressing gown before the fire. If there were traces of tears on her cheeks she had forgotten to remove them, and so she and Lena Gilbert stared at each other's woebegone faces without a word. At last Lena brought a crumpled sheet of paper from her bosom and laid it in Felicia's lap.

"Nora found this today. I thought it might be for me, and I waited, but it was for somebody else. He had blotted it and thrown it away, intending to write another before dinner. Don't have any misunderstanding over the matter; it's horrible to be unhappy!"

Without knowing exactly what it was all about, except that Lena Gilbert was in deep grief about something, the girl that Langford Dale loved consoled the girl who loved him so vainly until Lena recovered her old pride and in a measure her spirits and left Felicia to open the note.

To Felicia the note must have an immediate interpretation. Under that irregular blot was a name. Whose? She took a wet sponge and washed the blot away. There under the dark splotch of washed out ink a name was scratched deeply. Now the note read:

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Insist on having *SCOTT'S*.

Scott & Bowes, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-68

There Are 2,000 Varieties of Apples

In the January Woman's Home Companion Fannie Merritt Farmer, cookery editor of that periodical, published an article entitled "The Wholesome Apple in Cookery" together with fifteen recipes for cooking apple dishes. In her introduction, she says:

"Scandinavian legends affirm

that the apple was the favorite food of the gods. It was one of the first fruits grown by the Romans; it was easily introduced into England, and brought from there to America. It is easily cultivated, bears fruit farther north than almost any other and by means of grafting almost two thousand varieties have been produced. These facts show in part why the apple stands at the head of all fruits."

Dr. Wm. Sadler, author of "The Cause and Cure of Colds," says that common colds should be taken seriously, especially when they "hang on." Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is a reliable household medicine for coughs and colds, equally effective for children and for grown persons. Take it when you feel a cold coming on. It will avert danger of serious results and cure quickly. No harmful drugs. Ed. D. Heckerman.

Adv.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

When baby suffers with croup, apply and give Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil at once. Safe for children. A little goes a long way. 25c and 50c. At all drug stores.

Rement of the Coster.

The English costermonger must be fearfully and wonderfully clothed judging from the following coster tailor's advertisement in a London paper:

"A slap-up togs and kicksties build with upper Benjamins snipped on a downy plan, with moleskins of hanky-panky design, with a double fakemon down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kicksties cut pegtop, hattight, or to drop loose over the trotters, with fancy vests made to fit the dickey, or to fit tight round the scrag."

Domestic Joys.

"Rosa, my mother-in-law is com for a long visit tomorrow. Here's a list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us these you'll get a week's notice."

Fillegende Blatter.

Croupy Coughs and Wheezy Colds

The quickest, simplest way to rid the children of dangerous, croupy coughs and wheezy, stuffy colds is to give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. It gives almost instant relief and stops a cough promptly. It soothes and heals. Contains no opiates. Ed. D. Heckerman. Adv.

Plaster Casts.

Those who have plaster casts that they wish to preserve may protect them from dust by brushing them with a preparation of white wax and white soap, half a teaspoonful of each boiled with a quart of rain or other soft water. Use when cold, and when they are dried the casts may be wiped with a damp cloth without injury. To harden casts brush with a strong solution of alum water and brush with white wax dissolved in turpentine. Put the cast in a warm place to dry after using the latter, and it will have a look not unlike that of old ivory.

Had to Creep.

"Why do you say 'A blush crept over the face of the fair plaintiff?'" asks the editor.

"Because," explains the society editor, "there was so much powder on her face the blush had to creep or else it would raise too much dust!"

The Clever Ones.

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easy, natural movements, relief of constipation, try Doan's Regulites. 25c.

BROTHER AND SISTER

There Was a Great Social Gap Between Them

By F. A. MITCHEL

dropped his card on the silver I presented to him and I took it upstairs to my mistress. On the way I glanced at it, and as soon as my eyes rested upon it the silver dropped from my hand and rolled down the stairs. I ran after it, picked it up, found the card and proceeded on my way. The name on it was Albert Pendleton Cushing. The visitor was my brother.

My mistress, who had heard the silver rattle on the stairs, looked at me as I entered her room in surprise; for she had often commended me for my carefulness, giving me certain Dresden cups she valued very highly to wash after having been used, and refusing to permit any other servant to clean them. She saw as I handed her the card on the silver that something had occurred to move me, but she had the tact to refrain from asking personal questions about what they might reveal of their own accord, and made no comment on my agitation. I was much relieved at this, for I required time to consider whether or no I would inform her that she was being courted by the brother of her maid.

After much thought upon the subject, also whether I should make myself known to Bert, I could not determine to do anything in the premises. If I took any action it would be to make a confidante of my mistress and not on any account reveal to Bert that I was his sister.

From this time I had a secret on my mind that troubled me, or, rather, I was distressed by the position I occupied. I longed to throw my arms around Bert's neck and rejoice that we had come together. But from this I shrank. Yet how was I returning my mistress' kindness to me in keeping my discovery from her? The matter weighed upon me dreadfully—indeed, so much so that I grew thin and pale, while I frequently noticed in looking at my reflection in a mirror that my mental strain was stamping itself on my features.

Occasionally I was obliged to meet Bert—sometimes to serve him. I had no reason to suspect him of knowing that I was his sister. If he ever even looked at me curiously he did not do so while I was looking at him. I was glad to be near him, but pained that I might not make myself known to him. The young man who had favored me with an admiring glance came to the house occasionally and never failed to repeat his manifestations of admiration. Bert called him Howard, and I learned that his name was Howard Underwood.

One day Miss Gwendolin said to me: "Lucia, I have been thinking much about you lately and have come to a decision concerning you. Your birth, supplemented by what I have been able to do for you in education, will not admit of your remaining longer a servant. I have some work laid out for you—keeping the accounts of a charitable association of which I am treasurer, the salary of which is \$600 a year. I wish you to continue to live here, and that you may feel independent I will give you the care of my wardrobe."

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe in words my joy at this announcement. Sooner or later I would claim Bert for my brother, and that without placing him in an embarrassing position. Gwendolin would not listen to thanks, saying that my position as a maid had been as embarrassing to her as it must have been to me. She also told me that her admirer and my admirer were coming that same evening to play cards and she wished me to make a fourth hand. I tried to beg off from such a sudden jump from serving persons to being their companion, but she would not listen to me.

Gwendolin some time before had insisted on my providing myself with a respectable wardrobe of my own, and I now saw why she had done so. That same evening Bert came earlier than her friend, and Gwendolin insisted on my going down to receive him. With a fluttering heart I did so. Entering the room, I saw no one, but suddenly Bert stepped from behind a curtain and caught me in his arms.

While I had been carrying a secret the others had been doing the same thing. Gwen had told Bert all about her maid, her origin and her name. Bert had from the story recognized his sister, and, though he did not at once make the relationship known to Gwen, he did so very soon. Indeed, he prefaced a proposition of marriage by telling her that he was brother to her maid. She accepted, and together they laid the plan to spring a surprise on me, not knowing that I possessed the secret of Bert and my relationship.

While my brother and I were still locked in an embrace Gwen came in. We three passed some time in explanations and rejoicings when Mr. Underwood appeared, and I learned that he, too, had been taken into the secret. I shall never forget his beaming face or the pressure of his hand as he congratulated me upon the reunion with my brother.

I do not know which one of the party during that memorable evening—we did not play cards—was the happiest. Bert had found a sister and a ladylove. Gwen had found a lover who had found a sister. I had been re-united to a brother and knew well that it would not be long before I would be told that I had gained a lover. As for Howard, I made him happy by responding glances that had been long restrained.

Bert had received both an academic and a professional education from his benefactor and was an exemplary and promising young man. He married my benef

NATURE'S ESSENCE... Extracted From Forest Plants.

Nature's laws are perfect, but disease follows if these laws are not obeyed. Go straight to nature for the cure, to the forest; there are mysteries here that no man fathoms. Take the bark of the wild-cherry tree, the root of mandrake, stone, Oregon grape root, queen's root, bloodroot, and golden seal, make a scientific, non-alcoholic extract of them with just the right proportions and you have

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It took Dr. Pierce, with the assistance of two learned chemists, eight years of hard work experimenting to make this pure glycerine extract and alterative of the greatest efficiency and without the use of a particle of alcohol.



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for Liver Ills.

Just the sort of remedy you need to make rich, red blood, and cure that lassitude and feeling of nerve exhaustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery bears the stamp of PUBLIC APPROVAL and has sold more largely in the past forty years than any other blood purifier and stomach tonic.

"Some time ago I got out of health—my stomach seemed to be the seat of the trouble," writes Mr. Ezra Williams, of Belleville, Kans. I commenced to doctor with all the doctors at home as well as with other specialists on stomach and digestive organs. None seemed to do any good—in fact most of the medical doctors seemed to do harm. I wrote to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., who replied, stating that I had liver complaint with indigestion and constipation, and advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Pleasant Pellets."

"The 'Discovery' and 'Pellets,' have 'put me on my feet again'—seen to be just what I needed. I could not have recovered without them."

E. WILLIAMS, Esq.

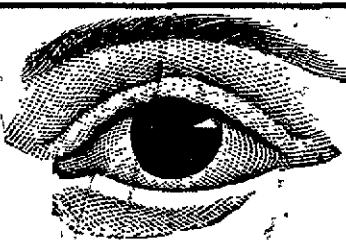
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are for Liver Ills.

MAKE A START THIS VERY DAY

on the financial independence which is the right of every American man or woman. Either take to this popular bank, or send by mail your first deposit, and enter the company of thrifty persons who are the backbone of the nation. If you already have an account, see if there is a dollar in your pocket which would do you more good in the bank, than if spent foolishly, and deposit it promptly.

Call or write for booklet "Banking by Mail"

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
1862 ASSETS OVER \$17,000,000.00. 1912



Diseases of the

EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT

carefully treated:

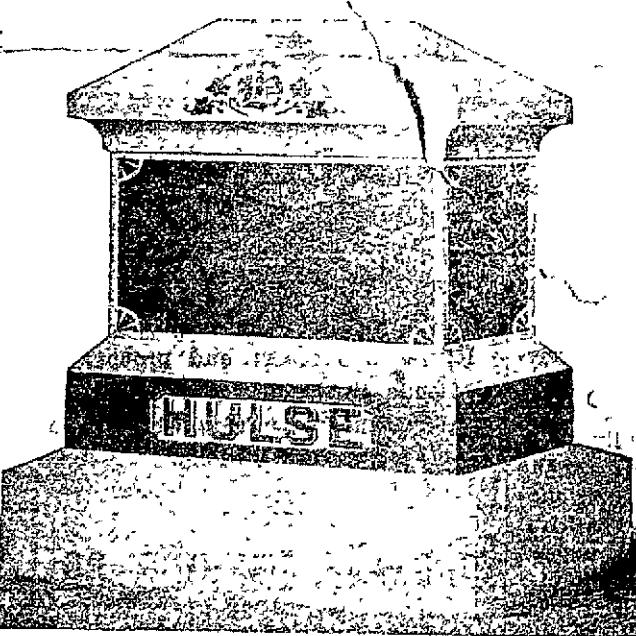
Special attention given to Testing the Eyes and the Fitting of Glasses.

Office Hours Daily except Sunday. Both Phones.
A. C. WOLF, M. D.
BEDFORD, PA.

DR. S. H. ROUECHE

Graduate Veterinary Surgeon

CALL STIVER'S LIVERY. BOTH PHONES.

Rush Marble and Granite Works
OF BEDFORD, PA.

Design and manufacture artistic memorials of every description in marble and granite.

We aim to please both in workmanship and material as well as reasonable prices.

We have no agents, therefore no agents' commissions to pay, which is a saving to our patrons.

Call to see our stock and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Our work is carefully leaded, placed on guaranteed cement foundations by experts, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Bedford Urban Mutual Fire Ins. Co.,

Bedford, Pa.

President CAPT. ELI EICHELBERGER

Manager JOHN P. CUPPETT

PATRICK HUGHES
THOS. EICHELBERGER
G. S. KEGARISSE
C. D. BRODE

DIRECTORS

FRED S. COOK
J. S. GUYER
ED. D. HECKERMAN
SIMON F. WHETSTONEInsurance in Force, One Million Dollars.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

Make our office your home when in Bedford. Insurance at cost. Losses adjusted and promptly paid. Fire of G. C. Grafton, Pa., January 16; adjusted January 17; paid January 18; amount \$79.59; Mr. Grove entirely satisfied. Let us have insurance. The management promises you fair treatment.

JOHN P. CUPPETT, Manager.

SEND THEM TO

FOOTER'S

Everything You Have to be Cleaned or Dyed.

Do Not Mistake the Name—FOOTER'S DYE WORKS.

W. C. McCLINTIC, Authorized Agent.

W. H. SEARS, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat
HUNTINGDON, PA.

AT BEDFORD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1913.

Can be seen at Huntingdon on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

THE WIDOW'S GOAT

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

Deacon Carter of the village of Romeo was a good man and good neighbor. He never refused to lend his hoe or his wheelbarrow, and his wife just doctored on lending her flatirons or washboard. The deacon would have no more hurt a person's feelings than he would have jumped off the bridge into Thornapple creek, and that he was ever to be threatened with a lawsuit was the last thing to be thought of.

One day the deacon got a message to the effect that his widowed daughter over at Glen Dale was dying, and he borrowed a horse and buggy and drove over. The daughter had no children to mourn her. The father got there in time to receive her last instructions and to close her eyes.

The widow had neither dog nor cat, but in place of either or both had a goat. It had been sent to her when young from a distance, and they had learned to love each other. The goat had made no trouble at all, and the daughter charged her father to take Billy home with him and watch and guard him and treat him with loving kindness.

The goat was brought home and made to understand that it's future lines were to be cast in pleasant places. It was given the run of the yard, and for three days its attitude elicited sympathy and commendation. It really shed tears over the mistress and the home it had lost, and then it braced up and became playful.

The deacon had a tomato patch, and he went out one morning to pick two or three tomatoes to go with his breakfast. As he gathered them there was a concussion, and it was ten minutes later when his wife came out and found him just coming to himself again.

"What is it, Jephtha?" she gasped.
"The goat!"

"What about him?"

"Came on the run and struck me with his head!"

"But I don't see how he—" But she did see. The goat came bounding on like a cyclone and bowled her over and over until she struck the row of sunflowers.

Two days passed quietly, but on the evening of the second the goat quietly slipped his collar and slipped out to see the sights of Romeo. While ranging around he encountered six different persons on their way to prayer meeting. He took them in as fast as he came to them. Some went rolling into the ditch and some against the fence, but all underwent the same sensation. They thought a tree had fallen on them.

Even a good man can't escape consequences if he is the owner of a butting goat. Next day six limping people wanted to know what Deacon Carter was going to do about it. Like the square man that he was, he offered them \$3 apiece and made settlements.

"If it wasn't that I had promised Hanner on her dying bed," he said to his wife as the last victim limped away.

"I know, I know, deacon," was the reply.

"We'll have to keep him."

"We will."

"Burn his hide!"

"Ssssh! There he stands in the door!"

That night the goat was shut up in the barn, but there was a window through which he jumped, taking the sash and glass with him. Mr. Griggs, the grocer, had locked up and was on his way home when some white object flashed before his eyes, and he knew no more for half an hour. The sexton of the Baptist church had spent two hours sweeping and dusting and had started for his fireside with his hands clasped under his coattails. He went down like ripe barley before the scythe. His last impression was that a meteorite had fallen from the night sky and plunked him between the shoulders.

There were half a dozen others that were treated to various surprises and sensations, and this time it cost Deacon Carter \$30 to settle.

"We'll have to sell him," he said to his wife, with a sigh.

"And Hanner's ghost will haunt us."

The goat was chained up, and for two days he was a quiet, reflective animal. He stood most of the time with half closed eyes, as if seeing his past and hoping to see his future.

Then Sunday came, and the people gathered at the church. The goat worked some sort of hocus pocus on that chain and was once more at liberty. The front doors of the church stood wide open, as if inviting all the goats to enter with the sheep, and this goat entered. He entered on the run, and within three minutes he had driven out the congregation.

Could such a thing as that be overlooked and the offender forgiven? You know it could not. With pickets pulled from the fence, with clubs and rocks and umbrellas, they swarmed for the goat, and, though he fought back, they were too many for him. They finally hemmed him in on the bridge, closing in to take his life, when he went over the rail into the creek and was drowned.

"I suppose Hanner is an angel," observed the deacon's wife as they sat together that evening.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And she saw it all?"

"Yes."

"What do you think she thunk?"

"Probably that she had a fool for a father."

A BIG SENSATION

The Pittsburgh Dispatch Will Publish Series of Articles by Jack Rose.

Jack Rose, the gambling partner of Lieutenant Becker and the chief witness against him for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, has just completed a series of six articles which are the most sensational ever published. They are entitled "My Life in the Underworld" and reveal the secrets of murder, gambling, shoplifting, etc. They will give in detail how lives are put out for \$10 and upward. The tragedies of the gaming table, where criminals are really made, or wiretapping—really run by the Police Department on a commission basis of 15 per cent.

The series is remarkable for two reasons—because of the startling revelations and the service in telling the world the appalling facts of the underworld and its methods. In all sincerity he has written these stories, first and foremost attempting to be of service. In all truth they will further the cause of reform and righteousness in this country. In no other way could the facts be secured as by this man, who has spent 20 years of his life in actual personal touch with criminals of every type, not as an outsider who interviews them, but as one who works among and with them.

Jack Rose KNOWS what he writes about as Morgan KNOWS banking or as Edison KNOWS electricity.

The series of articles have been bought at a tremendous price by The Pittsburgh Dispatch, and will be published in the Sunday issue, beginning Sunday, December 29.

The demand for the Sunday Dispatch, which will publish the articles exclusively in this territory, will be enormous, and arrangements should be made with newsdealers without delay for the papers containing this series.

Remember, the first of the series will be printed in next Sunday's issue of The Pittsburgh Dispatch (Sunday, December 29).

COUGHING AT NIGHT

One bad cough can keep the whole family awake at night. Phil. Disneau, Schaefer, Mich., says: "I could not sleep on account of a bad cough, and I was very weak. I used Foleys Honey and Tar Compound, and soon the cough left and I slept soundly all night." Ed. D. Heckerman.

Ad.

Scribner's Magazine for January begins the fifty-third volume. The serial of the year, of which the first generous instalment is printed, is "The Custom of the Country," by Edith Wharton. It is an intensely modern story of American life, and contrasts the social conditions of the various groups which make up New York society—the frivolous, the serious, the old families and the new. Never has there been so accurate and moving a presentation of New York as it is by one who really knows. "Undine," the heroine, will be as much a character to be discussed as "Lily Bart" of "The House of Mirth."

Adjoining lands of Jacob Corl, Jr., heirs on the north and east; lands of Joseph U. Gordon on the south, and lands of George and Isaac Whynson on the west, and containing sixteen acres, more or less; and she will sell the same to the highest and best bidder, on the following terms: Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid at the time the property is struck down, balance of one-third upon the confirmation of the sale and delivery of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year thereafter, said deferred payments to bear interest, with privilege of paying all in cash.

REBECCA ICKES, B. F. MADORE, Trustee.

Adv.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Estate of Mary Ann Corl, Deceased.

In partition in the Orphans' Court of Bedford County.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Bedford County, the undersigned will expose to public sale on the premises on the

14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1913,

at one o'clock p. m., all that parcel and tract of land situate in Union Township, said county, bounded and described as follows:

Adjoining lands of Jacob Corl, Jr., heirs on the north and east; lands of Joseph U. Gordon on the south, and lands of George and Isaac Whynson on the west, and containing sixteen acres, more or less; and she will sell the same to the highest and best bidder, on the following terms: Ten per cent. of the bid to be paid at the time the property is struck down, balance of one-third upon the confirmation of the sale and delivery of the deed, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year thereafter, said deferred payments to bear interest, with privilege of paying all in cash.

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14TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1913,

at one o'clock p. m., all that parcel and tract of land situate in Union Township, said county, bounded and described as follows:

Adjoining lands of Isaac Feather

on the north, lands of Aaron Claar,

Philip Ickes and Jeremiah Weyant

on the east, lands of Joseph U. Gordon,

George Whynson and the heirs

of Mary Ann Corl on the south, and

lands of Eli Berkley, George W. Shafer and the heirs of Mary Ann Corl on the west, containing two hundred acres, more or less, and having

thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, large barn,

corncrib and other outbuildings;

and she will sell the same to the

highest and best bidder, on the

following terms: Ten per cent. of the

bid to be paid at the time the

property is struck down, balance of one-

third upon the confirmation of the

sale and the delivery of the deed,

one-third in six months, and one-

third in one year thereafter, said de-

ferred payments to bear interest,

with the privilege of paying all in



THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE At The Price You Ought To Pay

Today the Ford factory in Detroit is one of America's "seven wonders"—a model plant in every respect, equipped with the most modern machinery and devices, employing seven thousand well paid workers and representing a clear investment of several millions.

Here under the direct supervision of Mr. Ford and a corps of trained engineers, the Ford is made on a scale so tremendous as to be beyond the conception of those unfamiliar with the condition of its manufacture.

Bear in mind that this great plant and its equipment is all devoted to the making of just one car. All Fords are alike, except the bodies. The engines, the frames, the transmissions, the running gears, all that goes to make up the chassis are identical.

New prices—Touring car, \$600; Torpedo Runabout, \$525, F. O. B. Detroit.

UNION GARAGE, Bedford, Pa.

Also Agent for BUICK Automobiles.

GUESSING CONTEST OVER

No. Snow Flakes in Dull's Window 1933

Winning Number 1930.

No. Strings in Window 122.

No. Guesses Cast 421.

H. T. Shuck winner of the 3 lb. box of Whitman's Candy.

JOHN R. DULL, Druggist.

Deeds Recorded

Margaret A. Bowman et al., by administrator, to G. B. Long, 3 lots in Hopewell Township; \$250.

John S. Imler to Alex. C. Price, 2 tracts in Bedford Township, \$2,000.

Adam Shaffer to Henry Imler, 2 lots in Bedford Township; \$100.

Henry Imler to Daniel J. Price, 2 lots in Bedford Township, \$200.

Julia Price, by Sheriff, to Sarah Ann Price, 2 tracts in Bedford Township, \$860.

Daniel J. Price to David O. Price, 2 lots in Bedford Township; nominal.

Sarah Ann Price to David O. Price, tract in Bedford Township, \$500.

Harry J. Fry, by assignee, to C. A. Patterson, 5 tracts in Hopewell and Broad Top Townships, \$5,185.50.

Philip Ickes, by executor, to Hugh Walter et al., 86 acres, 20 perches in Union; \$2,000.

David A. Burkett to Thomas Roudabush, 34 acres, 44 perches in Kimmell; \$1,200.

Mary R. Cathers et al., to Harry Briggle, 2 acres, 110 perches in Kimmell; \$100.

Samuel Werking to David T. Detwiler, lot in South Woodbury; \$1,000.

Joseph Pepple, by executor, to Dorsey I. Pepple, 2 tracts in Snake Spring; \$2,000.

Thomas Price to Conda Casteel, 2 tracts in Bedford Township; \$5,500.

Rachel Acker to Hulda A. Whitcomb, tract in East St. Clair; \$2,800.

Andrew Turner, by executor, to Mary M. Fair, 95 acres in Harrison and Napier; \$2,755.

Wender Brothers, by trustee, to George H. Gibboney, lot in Coaldale; \$5,000.

Alfred Willison to Edward Burnes, 200 acres in Southampton; \$2,000.

Marriage Licenses

Joseph C. McGahey of Defiance and Pearl Lewis of Six Mile Run.

Clarence W. Reighard and Florence R. Troutman, of Bedford Township.

Thomas J. Hickes and Alda M. Bowser, of Saxton.

Amos G. Black of Greenfield Township, Blair County, and Myra A. Walker of Kimmell Township.

Earnest Drake of Everett and Virginia E. Hinsh of East Providence Township.

Roy T. Robinson of Opequan, Va.,

and Cordelia Foreman of Bedford Township.

Elmer Eshelman and Lizzie E. Stern, of Everett.

George M. Brantner of East Providence and Zelida F. Wigfield of West Providence.

George W. Inglis of Cessna and Adda C. Howsare of Altoona.

John H. Moor and Lea F. Troutman, of Stonerstown.

Arthur K. Bechtel of Baker's Summit and Ethel V. Frock of Salemville.

Warren C. Amick and Laura H. Diehl, of Everett.

Albert H. Markle of Monroe and Harriet J. Porter of East Providence.

Henry J. Wakefoose of Bedford and Mulvena Darr of West Providence.

DIED

LUCAS—Monday evening, December 9, Pauline, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lucas, died at their home in Saxton. Interment was made in the Everett Cemetery on Wednesday, December 11.

PARKS—Tuesday morning, December 10, Alexander Parks died in Entraiken, aged 83. Three sons survive: William and George, of Entraiken, and John Parks of Saxton.

FRIEND—Mrs. Mary Ann Friend, widow of Israel Friend, late of Salemville, died on Tuesday, December 3, in Buffalo, N. Y., aged 64 years. One sister, three daughters and two sons survive.

HALL—On Tuesday, December 17, Mrs. Amanda Hall died at the State Hospital, Harrisburg. The body was brought to Mt. Union Church, Clear Ridge, where funeral services were conducted on Thursday, December 19, by Rev. J. W. Hoffman. Thrice brothers and one son survive.

St. Clairsville Reformed Charge

J. W. Zehring, Pastor

Sunday, December 29—Imler

Sunday School 9 a. m.; preaching

10 a. m. Osterburg. Sunday School

1; preaching 2:15 p. m.

Bedford Presbyterian Church

R. W. Illingworth, Minister

Sabbath School 10 a. m.; morning

worship 11 o'clock; evening service

7:30; prayer meeting Wednesday

7:30 p. m.

Wanted, For Sale, For Rent, Etc.,

RATES—One cent per word for each insertion. No advertisement accepted for less than 15 cents.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. John N. Minich, Bedford, Pa.

For Rent—Three office rooms on second floor in Ridenour Block, J. W. Ridenour, Bedford. Jan. 5-12.

Oil Meal—For sale at H. H. Lyng's mill, Bedford, Pa., 13 Dec.

Wanted—2,000 telegraph poles from 35 to 65 feet in length. A. B. Egolf, Bedford.

Wanted—Girl to do general housework; good wages. Apply at once. Mrs. A. Hoffman, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Lancaster and Hagerstown Almanacs at Heckerman's Drug Store.

Just received a carload of Lehigh Portland Cement. Davidson Brothers, Bedford.

For Sale—Locust Posts and Wire Fence; Gasoline Engines, \$50 and up. W. F. Cromwell, Bedford, Pa.

For Sale—Cabbage and Sugar Beets. Joseph B. May, Bedford, County Phone.

For Sale—Perfectly pure ground pepper and first quality, 20c a pound at Heckerman's Drug Store.

For Rent—Four rooms on second floor of Ridenour Block, heated. Rates from \$5 to \$10 per month. J. W. Ridenour, Bedford.

For Sale—Pinks and roses for all. Can furnish floral designs for funerals or short notice. Levi Smith, florist, 436 South Richard Street, Bedford.

For Sale or Rent—The John P. Reed property, on Juliana Street, 60 feet front and 240 feet deep. For particulars apply to Paul Reed. Aug. 30-12.

We have put in stock and will continue to carry a complete line of photographic supplies, films, plates, etc. Ed. D. Heckerman, the Druggist.

Wanted—Twenty good girls and women from Bedford County to go to Wilkinsburg to work. Bibby Agency, 834 Penn Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa., Nov. 22-8.

For Sale—One Family Driving Horse, one Buggy, one Surrey, one Phaeton, all rubber tires and good as new; two sets Harness, Saddle and Bridle, Sleigh, good as new. Inquire at Corle's Variety Store. Nov. 1-12.

The Best Dry Battery on Earth for gasoline engines, automobiles and gas lighting machines at Heckerman's Drug Store, Bedford, Pa.

Dr. Gump wants to employ a good, reliable young man with a small family to move into one of his Orchard Farm houses and work for him at any time that may be convenient to him; references required, good wages paid.

For Sale or Exchange—One mare with foal, one three and one five year old, weighing 1100 and 1200, respectively. Horses bought, sold and exchanged at all times. D. E. Donaldson, Six Mile Run. 13 Dec.

Private Sale of hotel and store building at Osterburg, known as the Berkeimer Property. For further information inquire of H. M. Schaefer, Irvland, Pa. 6 Dec.

For Sale—Three hundred acres of choice timber and farm land, one and one-half miles northeast of Bedford. Orchard of 500 choice apple trees just beginning to bear. For full particulars call or address G. Walter Dauler, Bedford, Pa. Dec. 27-28.

Farm For Sale—A Rare Chance: 180 acres in Athens County, O., banner peach and apple country of the country. Apple orchards here net \$8,000 per A. and upward, annually. \$8,000 will buy this splendid farm with house, barn, granary and other buildings. Good for general farming and excellent for dairying. Near school and church. For sale by owner who is retiring on account of age. Address E. E. Baker, Athens, O. Dec. 6-31.

COAL

Before placing your orders for Big Vein Georges Creek Coal, in car loads, write me for prices. Big Vein, Small Vein and Lump.

JOHN R. WARFIELD, Box 226, Cumberland, Md. Nov. 1-2m.

Trinity Lutheran Church

H. E. Wiegand, Pastor

Sabbath School 9:45 a. m.; sermon

by pastor 11 a. m., theme of sermon:

The Answer to the Intercessory

Prayer of Our Lord; Christian

endeavor service 6:45; sermon 7:30 p. m., God's Plea for Man.

Friend's Cove Lutheran Charge

J. J. Minemier, Pastor

Bald Hill: Preparatory services

Saturday 2 p. m. Communion service

Sunday 10 a. m. St. Mark's: Preach-

ing 2:30 p. m. Joint council meet-

ing Saturday afternoon, December

28, at 2 o'clock at parsonage on

South Richard Street

Card of Thanks

We wish to extend our thanks to friends and neighbors for the many acts of kindness extended during the recent illness and death of our husband and father, Benjamin Troutman.

Mrs. Anna Troutman and Family.

Buy your Films for your Camera

at Dull's.

To The Public

Allow us to thank you for your patronage which made possible the successful year just closing.

You have shown us in a most unmistakable manner that you approve our efforts to give you goods and service in keeping with modern requirements and demands. We solicit a continuance of your confidence, assuring you our policy and aim for next year will be along the same modern lines which have met your approval during this year, and that no opportunity to give you anything better will be overlooked.

Our best friends are those who tell us where we failed to please. We are here to serve you best with the best in our line and respectfully invite your commands.

Barnett's Store

THE HOUSE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY

MERRY CHRISTMAS

(Continued from First Page.)

Recitation, Dorothy Allen.

Recitation, Emily Defibaugh.

Duet, Miss Ellen Morgart and H. B. Cessna.

Recitation, "Little Tim's Christmas," Helen Billman.

Recitation, Margaret Defibaugh.

Address by the Pastor.

Offering.

Anthem by Choir.

Benediction.

Distribution of Gifts.

St. John's Reformed

Members of St. John's Reformed Sunday School rendered the following service Christmas night at 7:30 o'clock:

Singing, Choir, while school entered.

Invocation, Pastor.

Singing.

Recitation, "Christmas Welcome," Leone Sell.

Song by Primary Children.

Exercise, Passing the Light

Duet, Magdalene Reed and Marie Wertz

Recitation, "A Glorious Day," Richard Greer.

Exercise, "A Wish," Lester Rouser, Ellis Brown, Luther Smith.

Song, Winona Garbrick

Singing.

Recitation, "Just a Little Good Will," Floyd Souser.

S